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THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE MISSIONARY AND THE RUM AND OPIUM TRAFFIC.

BY EVA MARSHALL SHONTZ, President of American Young People's Christian Temperance Union.

WHAT is the Opium Traffic? J. Hudson Taylor, the great missionary, says: "It is the institution which is doing more harm in a week in China than all missionaries are doing good in a year." And yet it is the feature of the English civilization which has been *forced* upon heathen nations, notably China, where the records show for 150,000,000 plunged into opium slavery only 32,000 won for Christ; while in India the women say: "We will thank the English government to take the sword and kill the wives and children of opium smokers so as to rid us of the agony we suffer."

What is the Liquor Traffic? What is it in America? Go read the dictionaries of every language; take all the terrific adjectives therein contained; pile them one on top of the other and you will utterly fail to find words fearful enough to answer this question.

It is our national crime of crimes and curse of curses. It is our giant wrecker of homes and destroyer of souls. It is our arch enemy of the flag and the cross. It is anarchy in its most diabolical form. It is the mightiest piece of machinery in the republic today. With a sort of horrible majesty it moves up and down throughout the length and breadth of our land, crushing and blighting everything it touches. It has millions and millions of dollars. It is most wonderfully organized. It has started out to wreck the world, and it is doing it. In the early 60's, when the American nation was engaged in its life and death struggle this demon of demons saw its hour of opportunity. For then it persuaded our National government for *revenue* purposes, to make "its second covenant with death and agreement with hell" and go into partnership with the saloon business. Thus, through its license system, it captured our United States government; so that now with the protecting folds of the star spangled banner wrapped about it, the saloon murders its 300 every 24 hours, and its 100,000 every 365 days. It is the most gigantic, humanity-cursing trust in the world, bribing judges and jurors and absolutely owning and dictating the policies of our city halls and state and national government.

Are these words too strong? Listen; And you can hear from the hundreds of thousands staggering under this awful curse a moan like the moan of a thousand lost seas—"Those words are true, mercilessly and pitilessly true."

Yes, the liquor traffic like a monster

snake has coiled itself around our entire republic until its rattle-snake head hissing out its death-dealing poison towers above the very *dome of our* National capital, while its boa-constrictor-like coils are putting forth Satanic effort to crush out the life of every city and nearly every town in our land. It stops at nothing. No state or individual is safe, While heroic ministers, representative men and good women, battle to keep this nefarious institution out of Iowa's splendid capital city, by fraud, deceit and villainy this liquor power wins the day and the saloon now rules. In Ohio this business lifts its hand and again defeats the Christian men and women as they work for the Clark Local Option Bill. In Pennsylvania it hears the thousands of drunkards' wives that cry out: "Oh! Independence Bell, never ring again, unless you ring in fearful mockery, for Pennsylvania is in slavery!" And still it goes on with its wholesale slaughter of body and soul. It laughs with fiendish glee as it hears the little children of the Pacific coast cry for bread, while their fathers spend every cent in the saloon. It gloats in triumph as it holds throughout the Southland in slavery scores of thousands of men both white and black. It makes Satan hold high carnival as he sees how completely this chief emissary of his governs Chicago's city hall, and with what recklessness her 6,000 saloons violate every law, while the city officials either openly or tacitly endorse such anarchy and rebellion. And its power in Chicago but represents its sway in Cincinnati, St. Louis, New York, Minneapolis, San Francisco, New Orleans, Kansas City—indeed nearly every city in the republic. It hears the shrieks of the maniac and the groans of the jail and prison convict as they seem to beat themselves in dumb despair against our Goddess of Liberty, and cry out: "Oh! Goddess of Liberty, drape yourself in black and hang your head in shame, for we are not free people; we are in chains and behind prison bars; and the United States saloon has put us here!" No wonder one of Chicago's greatest divines exclaimed "Either the people will arise and destroy the saloon, or the American republic is doomed."

And yet *this* is the power the Christian missionary must contend with in heathen lands, for it has demanded that wherever the American flag floats it shall stand for the liquor trade, and its demand has been answered; so that the ship which carries our missionary also carries enough liquors to curse a hundred while the missionary can save ten. These are fearful words, but true.

When "Christian civilization" began debauching heathendom half the world was under total abstinence religions. Hindu, Buddhist and Mohammedan religions are all of this class, and among the countless millions of their followers drunkenness was but little known till we taught it to them. So that today Mohammedans, on seeing one of their number drunk, say: "He has left Mohammed and gone to Jesus." In Persia the natives look on drunkenness as the result of Christianity: while in Asia and Africa missionaries say their greatest obstacle in converting the Mohammedans "is this Christian habit." Even Turkey—cruel Turkey—considers drunkenness a "Christian sin," and the missionary writes: "Saloons and the Gospel cannot go together." English liquors are making Egypt's heathenism worse and worse, especially for the official classes, who are striving to imitate western civilization. As to Alaska, the last three years have seen the United States Congress repeal its prohibition law. For 29 years the law had stood there as a mighty protest that our government in that one spot at least was not in the liquor bnsiness. In Cuba within six months after the American flag floated there 2,000 saloons had been opened; while in Porto Rico drunkenness was almost unknown till the Stars and Stripes began to wave, and as to the Phillipine islands *how dare we face the facts?* President Schurman, the first chairman of the Phillipine Commission, says: "We found them a sober race," and today American civilization, represented mostly by the American saloon, gambling

dens, and their accompanying and unutterable evils, are rapidly sinking the native races lower and lower in vice and crime, while American soldiers who went out noble, honorable boys, have gone crazy through drink and are being sent home in hand cuffs and leg cuffs."

Think of it! On that famous 13th of August, 1898, almost abreast with Brigadier General Greene himself there rode into Manila a representative of the Pabst Brewing Company. But there is room for just a few more words. Horrible as the picture is that has been drawn, it is but the faintest shadow of the blackness of the reality. And *still the church of Jesus Christ holds the balance of the power in England and in America*—the leading Christian nations of the world. *How long*, Oh Christian patriots, will we permit those who fear neither God nor man to make a success of their business in wrecking humanity? How long shall we permit them to be not only the chief governing power in our land, but through the rapidly widening channels of American commerce, which now as never before is belting the globe, to carry rivers of destruction the wide world over?

Does some one say: "If these things be true, we would better not send the missionary?" No a thousand times! Remember these awful vices would go anyway. God bless all earnest consecrated missionaries and make us more and more determined to do all in our power to speed them on their mission of love to the lost.

But, Oh, Friends, may God also grant that *all* who read these words shall hear *as they never heard before* the voice of God and the wail of a sinning, lost world calling for volunteers for the mightiest moral war the world has ever seen—a war between the church of Jesus Christ and these licensed crimes, *and having heard the call may we enlist, and do our best* by voice and song, by prayer and speech, by heroic endeavor in every way, *to call the church in line.* For, *remember the minute the Christian church is ready for the conflict, God will lead her to victory.* "Then, the angels will surely tune their harps anew and shout Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! At last the church of Jesus Christ has a chance to win the world back to God." But *forget not*: before the conflict *soldiers must enlist. Are you ready?*

GREAT BRITAIN'S NEW POLICY.

(MISS MARGARET W. LEITCH in Hearing before House Committee on Insular Affairs, 56th Congress, 2d Session.)

GREAT BRITAIN, the greatest colonizing power in the world, has been for many years successfully enforcing the policy of prohibition for the natives in the Pacific Islands under her rule or protectorate. * * *

Not only in the Pacific islands, but in Africa, Great Britain has taken a great stride forward in the matter of protecting native races. The sale to natives of firearms and intoxicants is forbidden in British East Africa, in Bechuanaland, in Basutoland, in Rhodesia, in Natal, in the Sudan, which was conquered by Kitchener's victorious army of abstainers, and in the Niger territory, recently acquired from the British Niger Company.

Great Britain is pursuing this policy of protecting native races, not only in the interest of humanity, but in the interest of commerce, for she has discovered the fact that the liquor traffic destroys buying power and the very buyers themselves.

If Dr. Paton were here he would tell you how great is the need for the protection of the people of the Pacific Islands. In the New Hebrides group there are thirty islands. Twenty-two of these are Christian islands, inhabited by 18,000 people who have given up heathenism and cannibalism and are living as civilized and Christian communities. They have homes and

schools and self-supporting churches. Dr. Paton says of some of these islands, there is family worship in every home and God's blessing asked on every meal. But there are from 40,000 to 60,000 natives in the eight remaining islands who are still living as savages and cannibals, and the greatest hindrance to the progress of civilization and Christianity among them is the liquor traffic and the traffic in firearms, carried on by American merchants for the sake of private gain. He says it is a horrible thing to see a savage with a gun in one hand and a whisky bottle in the other, for when these natives buy the firearms and drink the firewater sold by our traders, savage warfare and bloodshed result, and the lives of not a few native Christians and of several missionaries have been sacrificed.

Dr. Paton came to this country eight years ago and begged our Government to restrict American traders by act of Congress from selling firearms and intoxicants to the natives in the same way that British traders had for many years been successfully restricted by act of Parliament. Our country did not listen to his plea, and for eight years this evil has gone on. He came again after forty-two years of missionary labor, after having given a daughter and two sons as missionaries, to make a last effort for the people whom he loves dearer than life. I am sure it is the wish of multitudes of people all over this country that his plea should be heard and that the restriction he asks for should be effected.

A HARVEST HYMN.

Thank God that on a thousand hills
His summer gift the landscape fills;
And reapers in the joyous morn
Are busy with the ripened corn.

Thank God for coverlets of snow
That keep the corn-seed warm below!
And for the patient Mother Earth
That nursed and fed it from its birth.

Thank God for all the generous rains,
And the hot sunshine on the plains;
And that the season's gray and gold
Brought increase of a hundred-fold.

Thank God for all the corn that stands
In other fields of other lands;
And that wher'er his children roam,
Some grateful hearts sing, "Harvest Home."

Thank God with life as well as lip,
With holy prayer and fellowship;
With holier hope and nobler aim,
Sing praises to the Father's name.

Thank Him, who, for our joy and rest,
Has made the Father manifest;
And for His kingdom that shall come,
With righteousness for Harvest Home.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN AFRICA.

It is the oft-repeated testimony of missionaries that the gospel has no greater enemy on the west coast of Africa than rum. This was, or would be, true of the remainder of its coasts were it not for England's acknowledgement of the fact that trade in intoxicants benumbs all other commerce and destroys the productive and consumptive power of her colonies. In 1889 and 1890, an attempt was made to protect a part of the west coast. Sixteen of the great nations counseled on the matter, and, while England, as leader, was anxious for the prohibition of intoxicants in all the Congo basin, Germany and France, as deeply interested because of their trade in that commodity, were willing to sign the treaty if the United States would lead out, but our own loved land, with her very flag speaking of God, heaven, and righteous rule, halted, and for six years was alone responsible for Africa's greatest curse and Christianity's greatest hindrance, during which time multitudes were swept into drunkard's graves, and multitudes took up the march for the same destination. But even after the tardy signing of the treaty, forced by the voice of the people as the roaring of a mighty tempest in the ears of our Chief Executive and Congress, because of technicalities discovered by the law-breaking liquor-dealers, it has not been enforced, save where the natives have resisted the importation.

Then over the thousand of miles of coast unprotected the flood-tide of gin and rum rolls in on the Dark Continent, fed by a hundred ships from Christian lands. And how long shall this iniquity continue? We answer, So long as public sentiment makes it possible. As Brigham Roberts was unseated in Congress because of the demands of the people, so the twenty-seven millions of Christians of this land, if aroused, can help to heal poor Africa's woes. And the women of our Association should be especially active, since, in the mighty petition that secured for the Congo some relief, there went up from Rotifunk the cry of 500 pleading heathen women's voices, asking that their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons be forced to leave, and coming generations be saved from the white man's drink.

So long as Christian countries force upon Africa more than ten and a quarter millions of gallons of liquor, the gospel's greatest foe will be from the lands whence the gospel comes. So long as America is among the chief of sinners against Africa, so long we of the land of the free must plead and toil for her.

That which makes the crime of Christian lands the greater is that the chiefs do not want the white man's drink. Chief Kahama, a noble Christian of southeast Africa, said, "I fear the white man's drink more than all the poisoned arrows of my bitter enemy, for they kill the body, and it is quickly over; but the drink puts demons in men, and destroys body and soul forever." A chief from the home of our own Mrs. Julianna Thompson plead that her father ask the Queen of England to send them more missionaries and less rum. Our chief, Pa Sourri, of Rotifunk, had no more bitter enemies than the English government officers, whose wine he refused to drink, because, as he said, "the missionaries have pulled the wine and tobacco from my mouth." After the visit of Mrs. Mary C. Leavitt, the first round-the-world temperance missionary, Chief Caulker, of Shengeh, proclaimed and maintained prohibition through his territory, until the English government planted a custom-house near his home, where duties could be received on liquor for the interior. During this period of prohibition our churches and schools flourished, and cannibalism receded. In five years after the voice of the chief was overcome by the greed of Christian England, the war and massacre of 1898 had fallen, and seven of our own loved ones, and no man knows how many native Christians, put on martyrs' crowns. The secular press on every hand, and, sad to say, some of our own Church people, had only words of censure for the poor, ignorant natives. But as the press

of Sierra Leone began to chronicle the losses, we began to see another cause for the unwonted cruelty and devastation. As the marauders swept on, every factory (so called) and wholesale liquor station added to the momentum, until, when our loved stations were reached, eleven of these factories and, no doubt, many more retail stores had added the strength of their own fiery devils—fiends from out America and England's land—and in five short days the visible results of forty-three years of successful work, toil, and sacrifice, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were as a vision of the night. Who raised a cry against the liquor traffic? From whence came a single protest that total abstinence and prohibition, the fruitage of foreign missions, had again—as oft before—been broken down by the commerce of Christian lands and by the consent, if not act, of Christian governments? It is a strange policy from a commercial standpoint to send to those people a pauperizing agency, that will destroy buying power and the very buyers themselves. Stranger still that Christian nations and individual Christians should allow unquestioned and unhindered the fastening upon infantile peoples the demon of all demons hard to overthrow. Our finer sensibilities recoil in terror at the thought of human beings being eaten, cooked or raw, at some heathen festival. Civilization will overthrow that! We shudder at the thought of scores of living wives being buried with one African chief. Education will uproot that atrocity! Our hearts bleed over the wrongs of childhood and womanhood in Africa. Knowledge of better things or legislation can control that! But where and what is the power that can control the appetite for liquor?

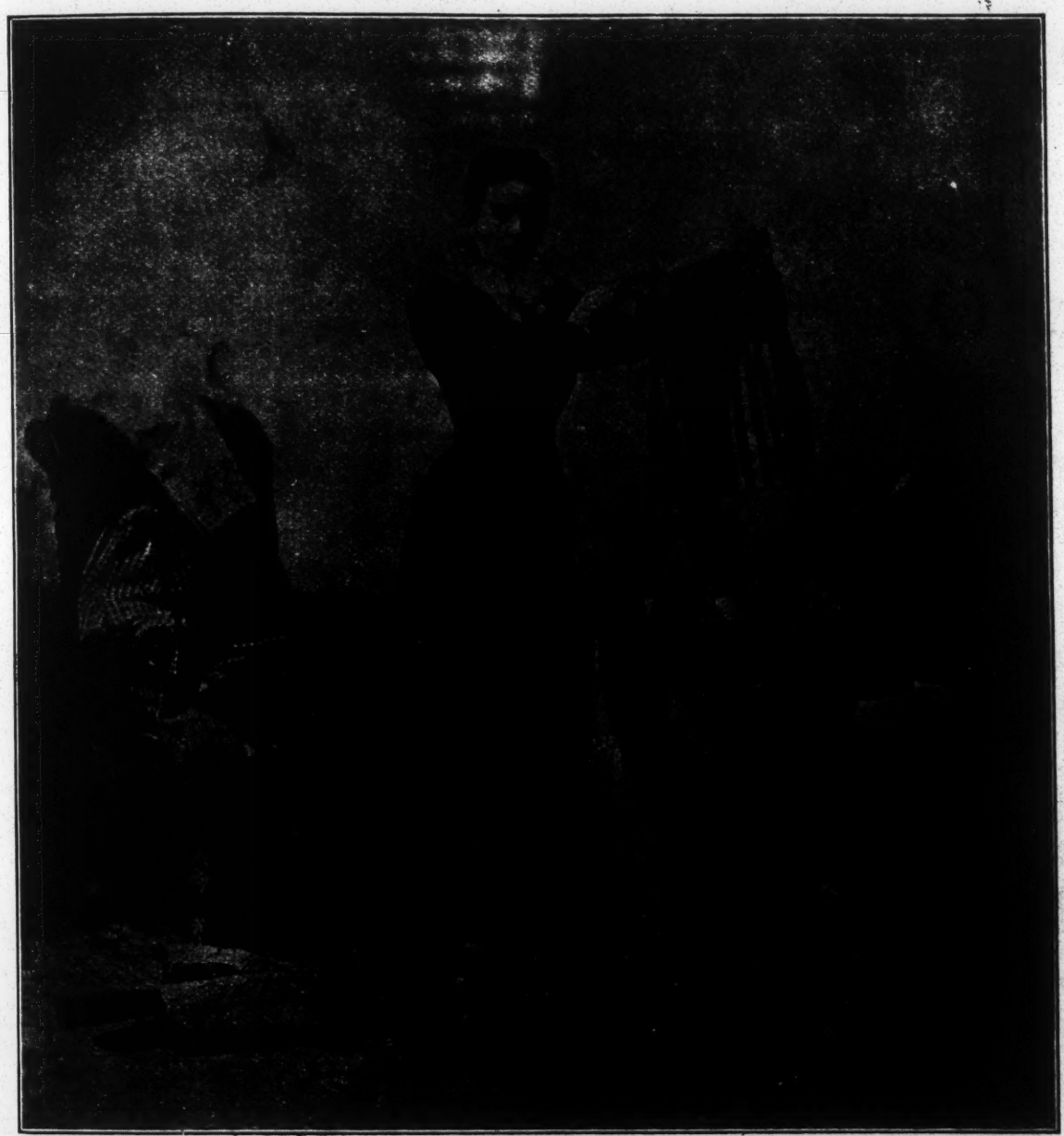
Sir Richard Burton, the distinguished African traveler, says, "It is my sincere belief that if the slave-trade was revived, with all its horrors, and Africa could get rid of the white man, with the gunpowder and rum he has introduced, Africa would be the gainer by the exchange." Stanley and Holub tells us almost whole tribes are being annihilated because of the drink traffic. For the year ending June, 1898, Africa had sent us more than six and a half million dollars' worth of valuable materials, and we had sent her more than sixteen million dollars' worth of exports, almost the entire sum being for liquors. Occasionally there is a steamer berth engaged to keep up our quota of 250 missionaries in Africa, while whole ships are chartered to bear to the Dark Continent chains more galling than that which Livingstone denominated "the open sore of the world"—slavery. From 75 to 90 per cent of the white men who die on the west coast die of drink. We stand aghast as we contemplate the scene: Of vile liquors from the United States to Africa *each day*, 2,000 barrels; from the United States to Africa each year 250 missionaries. Each American missionary in Africa—two-thirds of whom are women—must combat, each year beside deadly climate and heathenism, 2,920 barrels of American liquor in its most congenial soil. A missionary or two on the deck of our ships; the hold *full* of the deadliest drinks, all bound for the same port and people. Our missionary societies struggling with debt and unawakened churches; our Government rolling in wealth, and behind it men with almost unlimited means, wide-awake, ingenious, and earnest. The church, with promises before her great and good as God himself; the Government and its liquor accomplices the warning of a nation that forgets God. Surely, if angels might weep, this picture would be an occasion.

Now, how better celebrate the opening of the new century than by starting a tide of temperance petitions that shall beat at the door of our Government, that shall compel it to suppress this unholy traffic in liquors, opiates, and narcotics among peoples helpless to protect themselves.—*The Woman's Evangel.*

A LABOR OF LOVE.

Adapted from WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONS.

CAN'T you just see her unpacking this barrel of blessing? The express. man brought it, and looking straight through its white sides she could see the hand'uls and heartfuls of comfort it held for her dear people. No wonder she could not wait to get at it before starting on her rounds.



Unpacking the Barrel.

"Teddy and Sammie can go to Sabbath-school! These two little half-worn suits will fit them, I'm sure. Bless the boy's mother who sent them! She little imagines what an upward start she is giving to a couple of possible little vagrants.

"This skirt will be just right for Jennie. Now for a little gingham dress to match. Yes, and here it is, and, dear me! a handkerchief in the pocket with a nickel tied in the corner. Somebody put love into this packing.

"O! O! two pairs of ruffled muslin curtains! I know just where they belong.

What delight they will bring to poor Grandma Hall, who does so love a little whiteness and brightness. Yes, and here are the rosy ribbons to tie them back. I'll go up there to-day and put them up if I don't do another thing.

"How glad I am to find the children's books! It makes my heart ache every time I go to see Willy Baker, the poor little fellow tied to his miserable bed and nothing to interest or amuse him all the long day through. How glad I shall be to take some of the blessings of this barrel to Willy. I must go to see him this very day, as well as Grandma Hall. How delighted they will be!

"What a barrel this is, to be sure; shoes and stockings, towels and soap, children's garments galore, and a lot of things that my mothers need. Yes, and dolls, and toys, and jellies, and fruits, and O, the very thing my heart has longed for, a big-print Bible, with pictures in it at that. We'll see if this won't keep Tim Salter in at night, and help him to keep his pledge He does so love pictures, and they'll help him to understand what the book says. O, I do so want to help Tim!

"But I mustn't leave this storeroom until I have thanked the Father of us all, of Tim and Teddy and grandma and all the rest, as well as of the dear hearts who have sent these good things, and asked him to go along with them all and make them lead up to him."

Has your auxiliary ever sent boxes and barrel to a Home or a mission?

Our Wards in the South.

The above is suggestive, and we hope it is not too soon to begin to talk about boxes or barrels for the Freedmen? We do not believe it is, at least to plan for sending cheer to the little boys and girls in our Freedmen's missions, who will have very little, if any, such cheer unless our girls and boys in the North send it to them.

What has been done in the past was so kindly received, we would be glad to see it continued this year also. Now is a good time to plan and arrange so that the boxes can be gotten off early in the season—toys, dolls, books, etc., in short anything that is pleasing and entertaining to a child will be gladly received. A directory of the various mission statious will be found in each Magazine and if more information is desired just write the corresponding secretary.

Another matter. Every once in a while societies receive letters from parties asking assistance. When such a letter is received by your society please look over the directory and see if the place from which it comes is in the list. If it is not there you will know it is not a regular mission and we are not pledged for it. Our first duty is to those we have promised to help, and let us see that our *whole duty* is *discharged* to *them first*, *then* if we have more to give we can respond to special pleas; but not until then are we free to do so.

C. JANE VINCENT, M. D., Cor. Sec.

WHAT HAST THOU?

A THANKSGIVING MESSAGE FOR ANY DAY IN THE YEAR.

BY LIBERTY HAYWARD. PEORIA, ILL.

EDWIN is sick; and I ask you to lead the Mothers' Meeting to-morrow. Say, 'Yes,' dear friend. And as that is the day before Thanksgiving, will you make it a Thanksgiving service? These poor souls so sorely need to see some cause for thankfulness.

EMMA MORSE."

Mrs. Morse is wife to the Minister at the Mission, their home being the up-stairs of the mission building, a place where I have not the grace to choose to live, nor you, perhaps.

The ward in which the Mission stands is the city's worst, claiming, as its distinction, this: that it holds within its boundaries

ninety-six saloons, and one—just one—little church, the mission.

On first and third Wednesdays, there are Mothers' Meetings, and heart-wrenching it is to look upon the mothers who gather there. Not graceful, gracious women these, who wear motherhood proudly as life's blessing and crown of glory. The faces and hands and hearts of these Mission Mothers show struggle and defeat and despair. From homes they come, where dirt and disease, and drunkenness, and deviltry clutch continually at their souls to stifle them. Yet in their hearts they cherish some idea and ideal of home. "How can we make home what it ought to be?" To find some answer to this question, they come to Mothers' Meeting, and together sing and pray and open their hearts in sisterly confidences.

Mrs. Brown, with her fatherless twin babies is always there. There was an explosion at the mill last year; and afterward, Mr. Brown lingered awhile at the hospital. When he died, he left to his wife the sum of their accumulations, the six little children. Now; food and clothes and fuel and rent and school-books must all be wrought out of the washtub. Therefore all Mrs. Brown's days are wash-days, and each week holds nine of them. In winter and wet times, the clothes must be dried in the two rooms where the children eat and sleep and quarrel. To avoid such a catastrophe as getting the clothes "mussed," the line may not be filled, till the six are every one abed. Furthermore, Mrs. Brown must rise early to clear the lines before the children stir. She does her best; and yet sometimes, the clothes do look gray. The ladies frown then, and "don't see why people who make a business of washing, send things home looking like that."

Mrs. Conwell comes, too, with her baby. Mrs. Conwell goes six mornings in the week at five o'clock to clean offices and windows down town. The baby goes too. There are three other boys, whose father is in the penitentiary. He was "drunk when he did it," and it is the struggle of this mother to train her boys to let alone the thing that ruined "him." This, among ninety-six saloons. On Sabbaths she is with them all in Sabbath-school. A good woman is Mrs Conwell.

Little Mrs. Lewis's pathetic eyes appeal to you. Tender care and pretty clothes would make of Mrs. Lewis a dainty picture of a woman. But her dress, you can see, is cast-offs; and there are deep, straight wrinkles of worry between the eyes. Mrs. Lewis knew better days. Until last winter, there was a big, kind husband, who protected and petted and provided for the frail little wife. Then, one dreadful day, a scaffolding fell. The life insurance lapsed, and all that was left to the little widow, were the two babies, and her broken heart and home. Like a little girl herself she looks, and yet she must rub and wring the living out of the tub. One up-stairs room costs three dollars a month. Her weekly income is two dollars and a quarter; three washings at seventy-five cents. She can do no more. She is not strong. But she gets along. The Mission gives her "things," and she makes over and mends. They look neat, all three But it is hard to carry water up-stairs and down again; even if you do not do more than three washings.

Mrs. Johnson is there; dreadful, wretched, sick Mrs. Johnson; who is, in looks and in life, everything a woman should not be. Mrs. Johnson isn't "trying" any more. What was the use? Home is half a little discarded store-room. A curtain is the dividing partition, and behind the curtain lives another family with seven children. Mrs. Johnson did have children. When they were alive life to her meant keeping her poor bruised body—so far as she could—between them and the drunken savagery of a brutal being who called himself "Father." They died early, the children; and she cried a little, but not for grief. If they had lived, they would have been bruised and beaten too. "I've buried eight," she told me. And when I said—for she looked not more than forty-five—"You don't look as though you had lived years enough to have seen so much sorrow," the answer came, "I'm droppin' into the grave, but I guess it ain't from old age. I'll be twenty-nine my

next birthday." She looked at the little gray-faced baby in her lap. "I'm glad the others didn't have to live."

One beautiful baby is always at Mothers' Meeting, pretty Robbie Schaefer, brought there by his grandmother, to see his pretty girl-mother, Katie. In terror for Robbie s life, Katie had to leave her drunken husband, and she works out. Grandma keeps baby; and when Mothers' Meeting comes, Katie takes her "afternoon off," and for two hours holds and hugs her boy in her hungry arms.

Poor Mission Mothers! Broken and burdened, but brave and still struggling Mission Mothers! For these were some of the women whose faces came before me as I read, "Make it a Thanksgiving service. These poor souls so sorely need to see some cause for thankfulness."

Yet what was there for me to say to them of thankfuluess? For my own fretful heart had forgotten to be thankful. John—my good, faithful, deserving John—had had his salary reduced. A "raise" had been fully expected. The change meant stopping Laura's music. It meant no entertaining for me this winter; for the carpet was frayed, and the same old brown dress I had never liked during the two years it had been "best" must serve again. It meant, in one word, scrimping, when I longed to make the home-life free and generous. And now to me, had come the summons to stir the souls of the Mission Mothers to thanksgiving, when my own soul was sour with discontent.

Nevertheless I wrote "Yes," to Mrs. Morse at the Mission; for "No" could not be said to her who lived her whole life for others. Then straight to the Bible I went. In the fourth chapter of Second Kings there appeared a woman who seemed the very sister of these women in her sorrow and sore need, in the danger that threatened to destroy her home, and in her helplessness to save. The despairieg widow who was in debt, when widowhood meant helpless poverty, and debt meant the slavery of her sons.

Forty-two faced me that afternoon—forty-two mothers, and fifteen held babies in their arms. As one looked into their faces, the soul-killing facts of their lives seemed published there; poverty, over-work, ignorance, sickness, sin, abuse. Yet as one looked deep into the eyes, SOULS looked back: hungry souls, famished for a crumb of the Bread of Life. What was the Word that God had for such women as these? They had come to the Mission to hear it. They looked to me to speak it. And I—I had it not, But it was there in the Bible story; and it was the same word that was spoken to the widow in her despair and emptiness, when the Prophet uttered God's word to her: "What—hast—thou?" Poor woman! What a reply to her appeal for help! "What hast thou?" "No wonder the answer came, "Thine handmaid hath—not anything—save—"

We read the little Bible story. We talked together about the poor woman; of her broken home, of her desperate need. We followed the story on to how the prophet told her to count what she had; to use it; to make it go just as far as it would; until the insufficient little that had not seemed worth counting, was enough to meet her needs, and to save the home to her and her children. Then the Mission Mothers and I resolved that we would ask ourselves the question God sent to the widow. We had been thinking, they and I, how much others had; how much we lacked; now, for a little, we would think and talk of what—we—had; we would "Count our blessiugs;" we would answer the question, "What hast thou?" Would our hearts dare to answer, "Thine handmaid hath not anything—"?

Little slips of paper went round with pencils, and the Mothers wrote, each one, her heartfelt answer to God's question, "What hast THOU?" We gathered the slips, forty one of them; for only one had failed to write; and that was because she was German, unacquainted with the English script. But she stood at once to speak her thankfulness for the free night school, that gave her boy,—at work daytimes,—a chance for education. Eloquent the little papers were with the cramped writing and painful spelling. We looked them over, and then with

full hearts, read them aloud.

"What a Blessing he gives us plenty of work and strength to do it"—this from Mrs. Brown, she of the nine wash-days, and six children. I watched the poor blistered hands that wrote; and knew that my own soul possessed not the grace to count as a blessing a life that was a perpetual wash-day.

"blest with good Helt and Strenth"

"I thank the lord for the Helth he gives me every day"

"I tank mein Gotte for a gude Health"

"I thank god for helthe and streangth and best of all for gods son that he is my Frend." Here surely was a soul that had tasted the Bread of Life.

"god saves my soul and gives my body good Halth."

Twenty-one out of the whole number, specified good health. Most of these grateful tributes were from Madonnas of the Tub. Some of the lists held suggestions of tender heart stories.

"My Baby, Loving Mother, Good Health," was brave Kate Schaefer's list, as she forgot for the afternoon her hard work and lonely life, and counted her blessings.

"oh what a blessing i can walk to theas meatin god gives me strenth agen," When this was read, the mothers smiled their sympathy at happy Grandma Wilson. A broken hip had shut her in for five months; and this was her first afternoon at the Mission since.

"i do bless god for Helth and for the faithe i have in god he blesses me every day." This from Mrs. Conwell, whose trust in all save God had been sadly broken.

"Baby"—this was all, but we read it tenderly, while the eyes of the Mission Mothers softened. They knew every one, how Baby Anderson had been his father's salvation and his mother's thankfulness. They had said the little mother would die at the baby's coming. Then Jim Anderson, s hea accepted the charge of the little son, had laid in his wife's hands, for her peace, the signed pledge. The mother lived; but loving them both, Jim kept his pledge sacredly.

"I thank the Lord for this blessing that he helped me raise my grandchildren who had no father nor mother"—everybody knew how Grandma Jacobs had slaved for years for five orphans. And they rejoiced to-day to think the boys had turned out well.

"best blessing is gods love"—hard-featured, hard-fisted Mrs. McGraw wrote this, who manages a rag-wagon. But the words were from her heart as she stood to say, "It's a big blessing to have love in your life. I never had no love in my life, till I come to the Mission and learned that God loves—me."

"My children When I get discouraged I can count my blessings"—poor, lonely, brave-hearted little Mrs. Lewis wrote this, whose happiest prospect for life was nothing better than an endless vista of wash-days.

"my babies in heven" was unhappy Mrs. Johnson's one cause for thankfulness.

"I tank Gotte for Salvation for Helt."

"i can tank got for heilth for sunshine"—these were others; and it would scarcely weary you to hear the whole forty-one. Look only at this:

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift For Health For frends for the chance to do little things for him." Had you looked at the woman whose red, raw, chapped hands wrote this, you might have judged her ignorant, sordid, utterly of the earth, earthly. And did you know the facts of her life, they would include items such as these: "Home" was part of a stable facing the alley; "Father" a paralytic, utterly helpless; the "Baby" a child of Rose, the young daughter, who "went wrong" and then in desperation took her own life, leaving to the mother the unfathered waif. Three more boys there were: and the living, such as the wash tub would yield when water had to be carried from the public horse-trough. And yet the soul of this woman found thankful speech.

It is the custom of the Mothers to make concrete and practical application of theories advanced at their meetings; so now hey talked together simply and sincerely,

about the things that were theirs; about using them and making the most of them. The German frau grew excited, and her brogue waxed rich as she urged again the advantages of the public schools, free to every child.

A symposium upon the manifold uses of stocking-legs followed. Mrs. Lewis started it. She had brought a pattern by which legs could be cut into feet, wherewith to foot footless hose. Immediately there were a dozen applications for duplicate patterns; and during the cutting and distributing of these, Mrs. Conwell enlightened us as to the successful use of stocking-legs as sleeves for under-shirts. For the benefit of other Tub Madonnas who really do not have time to patch, Mrs. Brywn—she of the nine wash days—imparted her plan of making knees with holes in them presentable, by slipping underneath, sections of other stocking-legs. Mrs. McGraw made mittens of them. Others discoursed on the use of stocking-legs for scrub-rags; carpet-rags; and rags for rugs. When all was told, it appeared that a supply of stocking-legs might fairly be reckoned as available assets in life's emergencies. At this point the feelings of the Mothers could find sufficient expression in nothing less than singing once more the inspiring chorus, of the song they had already sung by sections during the meeting—and how they sung!

"Count your blessings, name them one by one."

"Count your blessings," in which accounting stocking-legs were by no means to be omitted. And while the room still rang with the music Mrs. Morse appeared bringing the tea and crackers which always finished Mothers' Meetings. A shabby little feast it might seem to you; for the cups were thick and cracked, and the spoons of tin. But by the Mothers, it was more enjoyed than is the daintiest tea by you perhaps. It was the one touch of pleasant social companionship that ever brightened their limited lives. Moreover, it made a time when Mrs. Morse might go from one to another, touching with the sympathy of her own sisterly heart, each sorrowful heart of theirs.

But to-day there were thankful hearts; for in searching for the answer to God's question, "What hast THOU?" each Mission Mother had found her Thanksgiving message as you may do—and I.—*The Advance*

OPIUM AND THE TROUBLES IN CHINA.

Rev. Cyril E. Bousfield, of Shaohing, China.

THE experience of the last few years in China has convinced me that an answer to the question now asked so often, as to what is the cause of the recent outbreaks in China, can be found in the compulsory introduction of opium by the British government. We do not say that opium is the cause, or the most important cause, but that it is very largely responsible. Since all have not time to read Chinese history, it may not be inopportune to recount very briefly the history of the introduction of the baneful drug into China.

Opium was first brought to China by the merchants of the East India Company and sold to the Chinese at Canton and elsewhere. At that time the Chinese Emperor and the Chinese people were inclined to be friendly to foreigners, and to honor them, a fact which is often forgotten now. The Emperor heard of the terrible injury that opium was doing to his people and took measures to stop all importation of it. The English pleaded that it was good for medicine and a benefit to the Chinese. The Emperor yielded to the specious lie, and allowed a small fixed quantity only to be imported each year. Then the English government took over the trade of the East India Company and attempted to smuggle opium into China wholesale. In this they succeeded. The Emperor, aroused by this monstrous wrong done to his people, sent

Commissioner Li with a small force of soldiers to Canton. He acted promptly but moderately. He closed by force all the English stores where opium was sold and threw all the opium he could discover into the sea. It was also said he found an English ship laden with opium, but with a few other commodities as a pretext for coming into port. Commissioner Li dumped the whole cargo overboard. Then the English came with a fleet of warships and blockaded Canton and other places. They found China unprepared, and forced her to receive as much opium as the English chose to send, to throw open five or six of her ports to foreign trade, into every one of which ports, from that time to this, countless boxes of opium have been poured annually. This is done by the British government in spite of the Chinese protests, because they say they cannot govern India without the immense revenue derived from the opium trade with China. They also exacted an immense indemnity, took the island of Hong Kong, China's finest harbor, and today hold it as a British colony.

Now as to the effect of opium on the man who smokes it. At first it acts as a powerful stimulant. It braces his nerves and muscles, and on a fictitious strength enables him to work as he never could without it. Then reaction follows, and the poor fellow is tempted to take more. After each dose, the reaction slowly becomes more and more powerful. Soon he finds himself worse than a slave to the hateful poison. He finds his physical strength rapidly getting less, his mind impaired, and his body emaciated. He then fain would free himself from what he now finds to be a potent enemy. But he cannot. It is beyond man's power to give up opium after he has once become the slave of it. Then follows ruin to himself, to his home and his family, then despair; then he loses self-respect, conscience, all sense of shame, all regard for decency; he falls as low as even man can fall. He attributes all of this—for he is fully conscious of his awful condition—to foreigners, who, in spite of the emperor, in defiance of justice and right, for *auri sacra fames*, brought him the opium. This is the state, and this the feeling of hundreds of thousands of the Chinese people. They are ready to form desperate mobs prepared for any crime and filled with hatred for foreign nations who have ruined them.

Add to this the seizing of ports by France, by Germany, by England, by Russia, the demand of Italy, the iniquitous aggression of the French Roman Catholics, and their outrages, and can any one wonder at the terrible murders and outrages by Chinese recently that have made the world shudder with horror during the last few months? So conscious are the whole Chinese people of the way they have suffered by the forcing of opium upon them, that it is scarcely possible to preach the gospel and speak with them for even a few minutes without hearing, "You foreigners brought us opium," for they cannot distinguish between Americans and English and French or other foreigners.

Do not these things stir us to give them the only cure for opium? By the gospel alone can an opium smoker be really cured.

There is a notable instance of its power to do this in our Eastern China Mission. A few years ago an opium smoker heard that gospel, which has a greater power than even this instrument of the devil, and he believed it. He was converted by it, and he gave himself to God and prepared himself at Dr. Jenkin's Seminary at Shaohing to preach it. He has preached it at his own charges and now is preaching it at Di-fiu without a cent of salary under the Chinese Baptist Home Missionary Society, which is auxiliary to our Eastern China Mission. He found the only effective cure for the opium habit, and the gospel will cure that and all the troubles of China's millions.—*The Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

TESTIMONY AS TO THE EVILS OF THE RUM AND OPIUM TRAFFIC.

The great enemy missions have to contend with is the drink.—*Rev Charles Garrett.*

INDIA.

THE whole tropical world is rapidly coming under the control of nations which profess to be Christian in a high acceptance of the word. It is, in my opinion, one of the most important questions of the day whether the millions of the Eastern tropics are to be received as helpless wards and elevated in civilization and enlightment, or debauched and crushed by a traffic which recognizes no conscience, shows no mercy, and is amenable only to a gospel of financial greed.—*Bishop J. M. Thoburn*, Miss, Bishop for India M. E. Church.

We found the liquor traffic, authorized and licensed by the British Government, a great foe to Christian work in Ceylon.—*Misses Mary and Margaret W. Leitch.*

CHINA.

Is it strange that the natives who consider all who wear European dress as representatives of the Christian religion, cry out in despair: "Is this your Jesus-way? Then we want none of it."—*Mrs. Joseph Cook.*

Ah! we have given China something beside the Gospel: something that is doing more harm in a week than the united efforts of all our Christian missionaries are doing good in a year.—*Rev. J. Hudson Taylor*, Supt. China Inland Missions.

This Conference, representing most of the Protestant missionary societies of the Christian world, desires to put on record its sense of the incalculable evils, physical, moral and social, which continue to be brought in China through the opium trade, which has strongly prejudiced the people of China against all missionary effort.—*Resolution adopted at the Centenary Conference in the Protestant Missions of the World, London, June, 1888.*

JAPAN.

That the nations which lead in civilization and Christian work should at the same time lead in this traffic, and make such beasts of themselves because of it, is a thing that the Oriental cannot understand.—*Rev. John L. Dearing.*

TURKEY.

A common name for Christians because of the drinking habits of nominal Christians is "hogs."—*Rev. Edward Riggs.*

BULGARIA.

The work of evangelization will not prosper so long as this liquor traffic is allowed to flourish, pushed with all the selfish energy of the liquor dealers.—*Rev. F. L. Kingsbury, M. D.*

MOROCCO.

"He has left Mohammed and gone to Jesus." So said a man in Morocco on seeing a drunkard.

AFRICA.

A distillery in Africa is doing business under the name BON JESUS: Good Jesus.—*Bishop Taylor.*

Drink is death. It is that and nothing else.—*Kame, an African Chief.*

I tell you candidly, that unless something is done soon the rum traffic will wipe out the population of Africa.—*Rev. D. A. Day.*

We beg of you to send us more Gospel and less rum.—*Ugalla, a Congo native.*

The native kings are petitioning the Government to stop the liquor traffic. It is ruining their people.—*Hon. B. Bowrer*, U. S. Consul at Sierra Leone.

As to the natives, not only on the West Coast of Africa, but also in all Africa, wherever they are in touch with European commercial relations and the traffic is allowed, I believe that fully seventy-five per cent of their demoralization in home life and in personal character comes from the same source.—*Bishop Jos. C. Hartzell.*

The Gospel has no greater enemy on the West Coast of Africa than rum.—*Rev. A. Polhemus, M. D.*

The entire West Coast is one long barroom from which no fewer than 2,000,000 people go forth to die every year as a result of the traffic.—*Rev. Chas. Satchell Morris.*

I have often seen the graves of these

poor heathen decorated with the gin bottles they owned during life.—*Henry Grattan Guiness, D. D. F. R. G. S.*

The rum traffic in West Africa is the curse of the country. It both hinders and counteracts our missionary efforts.—*Mrs. R. Menhel*, Batanga.

I dread the arrival of an American ship, for though she may have more missionaries in her cabin she brings in her hold the death waters of damnation.—*Rev. John Williams*, Pacific Islands.

NEW HEBRIDES.

"It is making havoc of my people. I have wept over it. When you come to give us the Gospel, why do your countrymen come with the white man's fire-eater to destroy our people?"—*War Chief in the New Hebrides.*

The Australian churches support the New Hebrides Mission, and the Mission sent me to America eight years ago to appeal to the American public and to the President of the United States and to the Congress of the United States to place the American traders under the same prohibition that Europe has placed her traders in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors, ammunition and opium. * * * We have suffered a great deal during the eight years by the influence of intoxicating drink and now I am sent to America to renew the plea (in 1900) that Christian America will do what Christian Britain has done in the interests of humanity to prevent the mischiefs that are taking place under the influence of intoxicating liquors. (Which is really to forbid their sale under heavy penalty).—*Rev. John G. Paton, D. D.*

ALASKA.

There can be no question but that the introduction of liquors makes missionary work immensely more difficult and results disastrously to the natives.—*Rev. Paul Schweinitz.*

The greatest obstacle to their progress as a people, the greatest curse to them and to us; is the liquor.—*Mrs. Eugene S. Willard.*

The shame and crime will ultimately rest upon the American people if we do not insist that these fellow-citizens and wards of ours, solemnly guaranteed protection upon the purchase of Alaska, shall have all the possible protection from the ravages of intemperance.—*Rev. F. P. Woodbury.*

HAWAII.

When the missionaries came, they listened to the Gospel and they enacted laws to drive out the liquor traffic (planted there largely by English and French). They voted for absolute prohibition—the votes were chiefly of Hawaiians, with no pressure brought to bear upon them except the influence of the Christian teachers, I do not remember ever to have seen a staggering drunken man in Hawaii while I lived there as a boy.—*Rev T. L. Gulick.*

We sent petitions from the Islands to Congress asking that in the bill that should constitute Hawaii a territory there should be a prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors and of opium and gambling. These questions were all laid before Congress. Congress prohibited opium and gambling, the sale of liquors also, but with permission to our Territorial legislature to substitute license if they chose. We must now look to win our legislature for protection.—*Rev. O. H. Gulick.*

The great nations have combined to suppress the slave trade. It is too much to ask that they shall combine to prevent the sale of spirits to men who less than our children have acquired the habit of self-restraint?—*Ex-Pres. Benj. Harrison.*

To many people it seems a chimerical dream to talk of uprooting the traffics in liquors and opium to native races. But, in fact, the crusade has already marched three successful stages toward victory. The first stage is the treaty made by sixteen leading nations, in 1892, for the suppression of the traffics in liquors, firearms and slaves in the Congo region. Although it is extremely difficult to enforce such a law in such a country, the general testimony of missionaries is that it has been of great benefit, and that part of Africa so protected presents a most favorable contrast to adjacent portions not under prohibition. That treaty has taken us over the most difficult stage of

all. In that action the principle is admitted, the precedent established, where logical expansion will save from these curses all the native races of the world. The second stage is the expansion of this treaty made in 1899. Let every one lend a hand to those sixteen nations asking for a world-wide expansion of that treaty. The third stage is that Great Britain, without waiting for the concurrence of other powers, is adopting prohibition in the name of conscience and commerce as to opium in Burma, as to intoxicants in many parts of Africa snd the South Sea Islands.—*Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph. D.*

THE INDIANS.

One of the most difficult things to contend with in the administration of Indian affairs, is the vice of intemperance, under any circumstances an evil, but particularly so on an Indian reservation.—*T. J. Morgan, D D.* former Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

I have had chiefs in council implore me to induce the Great Father to arrange matters so that they and their people could not get whiskey. "Then," they would say, "our women and children can sleep in peace and our horses will have rest."—*George Bird Grinnell.*

One of the results noted of a persistant use of intoxicants is the growing unchastity of Indian women, permitted now in many tribes instead of being terribly punished as formerly, to this extent have their sensibilities become blunted.

Indian agents repeatedly state it as their solemn conviction that with the liquor question out of the way, there will be little left of the Indian problem, so far as their work is concerned. This is but another way of putting the proposition ; "The greatest obstacle confronting the government of the United States, and the churches that are trying to civilize and Christianize the Indian, is the liquor traffic."—*Economic Aspect of the Liquor Problem.*

CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES.

I oppose drink, because it opposes me. The work I try to do, it undoes.—*Bishop D. C. Foss.*

The mighty torrent of alcohol, fed by ten thousand manufacturies, sweeps on, bearing with it, I have no hesitation in saying, the foulest, bloodiest tide that ever flowed from earth to eternity.—*Gen. Booth* in "Darkest England."

Ninety-two per cent. of our crime is the result of intoxicating liquors.—*Hon. Carrol D. Wright, A. M. LL. D*

What makes these slums (of London) so horrible? I answer with certainity, and with confidence of one who knows--drink! I tell the nation with conviction founded on experience, that there will be no remedy until you save these outcasts from the temptation of drink.—*Archdracon F. W. Farrar.*

Members of the Church of God most pure, bear it in mind that intemperance in our land, and the world over, stands in the way of the Gospel. It opposes the progress of the reign of Christ in every village and hamlet, in every city and at every corner of the street. It stands in the way of revivals of religion and of the glories of the mellennial morn. Every drunkard opposes the millennium, every dram drinker stands in the way of it.—*Albert Barnes, D. D.*

It will add to the interest for each member of a missionary society to bring something on the subject. Those given in this MAGAZINE can be used, or from former Magazines, as told, for example, "Sophia" in October, by Miss Grace C. Brown.

There is much literature on this subject. The most complete resume is : "Protection of Native Races Against Intoxicants and Opium," by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F Crafts and Mary and Margaret W. Leitch. In paper 35 cts ; cloth, 75 cts. Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago. This book was recently reviewed in the Book-Shelf, and every society should have at least one copy.

"The Liquor Traffic a Hindrance to Foreign Missions," by Mrs. W. F. Crafts (different from the one in Literature Calalogue of the same name) from which many of the testimonies in this MAGAZINE are taken.

"The Liquor Traffic and Foreign Mission," compiled by Mrs. C. A. Dunham, and "Liquor on the Congo," by Henry M. Stan-

ley; each 2 cts. Women's Temperance Publishing Association, Chicago, Ill.

"Temperance Work for Indians," by Mrs. H. J. Bailey; 2 cts. Indian Rights Association, 1305 Arch St., Philadelphia.

"Weapons for Temperance Warfare," by Belle M. Brain. 35 cents. (Reviewed in October Book-shelf.)

Our Literature secretary has a number of temperance leaflets at trifling cost.

Miss Leitch in an address at a supplement meeting, during the Ecumenical Conference, said: "Will not the missionary societies take up this fight, making it an integral part of their work? The removal of these two death dealing traffics (rum and opium) in mission lands would be equivalent to doubling the missionary force in those lands, and the victory gained would react favorably on the work at home. The Permanent Temperance Committee of the Presbyterian Church has recommended that every local missionary society shall appoint a Temperance secretary to see that this department of missions shall receive due attention." A leaflet published by this Committee, "The Relation of Temperance to Missions, an Appeal to the Women of the Missionary Societies," by Mrs. H. O. Hildebrand, will be sent for postage, by applying to Rev. J. F. Hill, 813 Penn Building, Pittsburg.

PARAGRAPHS WORTH QUOTING.

Allidina Vissram, one of the most influential Arab merchants at the coast, paid a visit to Mengo recently, and *inter alia* visited the C. M. S. Mission at Namirembe. He was so struck by the organization of the Church and medical work and the way in which the natives were being trained, that, Mohammedan though he was, he gave 500 rupees to the Church work and a similar sum to the hospital, saying he wished to help foward a work God was blessing.—*Mercy and Truth.*

The first medical missionary was John Thomas, who went to India in 1785. It was fitting that one of the pioneers should be sent to Jerusalem. This was Dr. Dalton, agent of the London Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews, who went out in 1824. He died after two years of service and was succeeded in 1835 by Dr. Dodge. In the year before that, however, the Rev. Peter Parker, M. D., had been appointed by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions medical missionary to Canton, China. Dr. Parker's work in Canton continued for twenty years, and in its extent and influence was the typical Medical Mission. . . .

In 1850 there were thirty-nine medical missionaries. Many hospitals were established in the third quarter of the century but it is within the last twenty years that they have been owned by nearly all the missionary societies as the very right arm of the service. At present the American Presbyterian Church has the largest representation—eighty-three—of whom thirty-three are women. The Church Missionary Society of England follows, with sixty-five medical missionaries, of whom sixteen are women.—*The Spirit of Missions.*

It is said that the promotion of Cardinal Martinelli requires the purchase of an entirely new silk wardrobe, including stockings, slippers and gloves, all of red and richly embroidered; with underwear to conform to regulations, and cloaks, capes and cassocks, etc., for various functions, at a cost of about $1,000. What would Paul have done with all this ecclesiastical millinery? How utterly is it at varience with the simplicity that was in Christ himself!—*The Home Mission Bulletin.*

A Little Hindu Boy's Prayer.—A missionary lady had a Hindu orphan living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and had him to commit to memory a little child's prayer to offer up every night. One night when he was six years old, after he

had "said his prayers," she told him "to pray a little prayer of his own." And this was the earnest petition he offered: "Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old." Could any grown up person have done better?—*The Indian Standard.*

Postal stamps received from Brussels, Belgium, have printed on them in French and German: "Not to be delivered on Sunday." This injunction is printed on the bottom of the stamp and is perforated so that the person using it can send it with or without the affix.—*The Advance.*

Dr. Paton's work in the New Hebrides now includes twenty-two islands with eighteen thousand converts, leaving about sixty thousand cannibals to be reclaimed.—*The Woman's Missionary Friend.*

A worker in Indian Territory says in a missionary publication:

"The influence of intemperance upon the Indians in Indian Territory is a hindrance to Christian work. They are of course supposedly protected from it by law, but 'tis constantly smuggled in, and peddled out, among them. They seek it ardently—will pawn their last pony for a few drinks. It seems to fire their brains very quickly; even the more intelligent and industrious of them cannot resist. Let them get a little money, and if whiskey can't be had here, they go across the line to Denison, Texas, and spend their means and manhood.

"Often their church meetings are largely consumed with disciplining members who have thus indulged."—*The Indian's Friend.*

There are two women on the island of Hainan who are sadly deficient. One is a leper; the other blind from babyhood. The dreadful disease of the one has developed since her conversion. She is a woman of facts regarding Christian doctrine and experience, and she takes her cheerful "Thus saith the Lord of Heaven" and goes to "leper row," the shunned village outside of Hoihow, where miserable huts, suggestive of the misery they shelter, are huddled together. When she speaks, she is listened to as an equal and a comrade in suffering. How could a happy young missionary catch their ear as she does?

Blind Nydia has a wonderful memory and a great store of Scripture passages and hymns. She cannot find her way alone, so together, the leper woman leading the blind, charmingly illustrating Dr. Johnson's proverb, "You cannot clap hands with one hand," the two thread the streets of Kiungchow, and from house to house the one teaches the doctrine and the other repeats her sweet prayers and Bible verses. Their visit often gives delight to bound-footed ladies who get only small glimpses of earth, and nothing of Heaven except as the windows are opened by these poor-rich, deprived-blessed guests.

If Nydia and her guide were heathen women, of what use would they be to their people?—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

A revival, "wide-spread, and daily gaining in momentum," is reported as in progress in the Asiatic squadrons of the British and American navies. "It began," writes Mr. F. S. Brockman, "in Shanghai and Hong Kong when the men of war and the missionaries had to be in these ports because of the trouble." There have been many conversions, ten on one warship, twenty-nine on another, and so on. "One of the most gratifying features," continues Mr. Brockman, "is the active co-operation on the part of the officers, some of them very high officers. The chasm between men and officers in the navy is a revelatian to people who are unacquainted with naval matters. This is especially true in the British navy As I saw, a few nights ago, one of the most prominent and widely-known captains in the British navy kneeling with one of his own men, pleading with God for his salvation, I felt what a beautiful illustration of our oneness in Christ it was."—*Olive Trees.*

Editorial.

"The spirits of the air live on the smells
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees."
Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;
Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleak
Hills fled from our sight; but left his golden load.
—*William Blake.*

It is with much pleasure that we present the likeness of Miss Eva Marshall Shontz, as our frontispiece, and her article on the great subject of Temperance with which she is so thoroughly familiar. Would that her enthusiasm might prove infectious and that each of us might realize keenly and yet more keenly the terrible menace of the rum traffic and the need of vigilance and prayerfulness at this critical time! Miss Shontz is a United Presbyterian, we are glad to say, and she expresses a friendly interest in the work of the women in our church and in the MAGAZINE.

The name of Thoburn is so associated with missions that when we see or hear it we have a mental vision of self-sacrificing, devoted lives. On September first, Miss Isabella Thoburn, sister of Bishop Thoburn, died in India at the age of sixty, having served as a missionary for thirty-one years. Cholera was the cause of her death. Her work was very largely among the women of India.

As there appears, much to our regret, to be some misunderstanding with regard to the Honor Roll, we shall ask each woman who knows that she has, since the W. G. M. S. Convention at Pawnee City in 1900, secured ten *new* subscribers for the MAGAZINE, to send her name to Mrs. S. M. Kelso, Xenia, Ohio, and we shall be very glad to give her honor due. It doubtless happened that some lists have been sent us comprising the requisite number of new names, but as these were not definitely so specified, we were not aware of the requirements having been fulfilled. We are very desirous to do our part, specially in consideration of the fact that it is the MAGAZINE which immediately—though not ultimately—receives the advantage accruing from the efforts of these friends.

The borrowed article which appears in this issue on "The Liquor Traffic in Africa," is by Miss Groenendyke, a missionary of the United Brethren church. Her words are entitled to attention.

In a communication from Mrs. Grace Gardiner, occur these words with regard to the recent death of President McKinley:

"Pray accept loving and true sympathy in the great sorrow that has fallen upon America. We all mourn with you and for you."

The American Bible Society has just issued in leaflet form the address made by President Roosevelt at the eighty-sixth anniversary of the Long Island Bible Society Auxiliary. It has acquired additional interest from the fact that since that time the distinguished author has become, through God's Providence, the head of this nation. Here is a sentence quoted from his speech:

"So I plead, not merely for training of the mind, but for the moral and spiritual training of the home and the church; the moral and spiritual training that have always been found in, and that have ever accompanied the study of, this book; this book, which in almost every civilized tongue can be described as "The Book," with the certainty of all understanding you when you so describe it."

In advocating the careful instruction of children in the Holy Scriptures, President Roosevelt relates the following amusing anecdote:

Probably some of my hearers remember the old Madison Square Presbyterian church in New York when it was under the ministry of Dr. Adams, and those of you who remember the Doctor will, I think, agree with me that he was one of those very rare men with whose name one instinctively tends to couple the

adjective "saintly." I attended his church when I was a little boy. The good Doctor had a small grandson, and it was accidentally discovered that the little fellow felt a great terror of entering the church when it was vacant. After vain attempts to find out exactly what his reasons were, it happened late one afternoon that the Doctor went to the church with him on some errand. They walked down the aisle together, their steps echoing in the vacant building, the little boy clasping the Doctor's hand and gazing anxiously about. When they reached the pulpit he said, "Grandpa, where is the zeal?" "The what?" asked Dr. Adams. "The zeal," repeated the little boy; "why, don't you know, 'the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up?'" You can imagine the Doctor's astonishment when he found that this sentence had sunk deep into his little grandson's mind as a description of some terrific monster which haunted the inside of churches."

Send for this leaflet to the American Bible Society, Bible House, New York City.

The Christian world rejoices in the glad intelligence that comes telling of a great religious awakening in Japan. A year ago, at a missionary conference held in Tokyo, a committee was appointed to unite in an evangelistic effort with the Evangelical Alliance of Japan, a society founded about four years ago, the objects of which are first, to strengthen the bond of unity among the various Protestant bodies; second, to awaken in believers a sense of individual responsibility and stimulate progress in personal religion; and third, to labor for the propagation of the Gospel in unevangelical regions." The result of the cooperation was special meetings held under the care of what is known as The Twentieth Century Special Union Evangelistic Movement. These gatherings began in Tokyo on the twelfth of last May and were continued until the end of June. God's blessing seems to have been vouchsafed, for the interest has spread to other portions of the country, and remarkable spiritual manifestations have been apparent. The first large meeting in Nagasaki was attended by about fifteen hundred people. "The one thing that the Christians throughout Japan are now talking about is what they call the Taikyo Dendo. Kirisvtokyo Taikyo Dendo is a terse expression which may be freely rendered, "Extension of Christianity all along the line." Dr. William Imbrie, writing in the Assembly Herald, says:

"The character of the preaching is evangelical, but not of any one particular type: God is our Father; Christ is a divine Saviour; man is a sinner; sin is debt, bondage, death; Christianity offers atonement, forgiveness, a new life; man should repent, should confide in Christ, should go to God in prayer. One preacher lays emphasis on one truth; another on another. Nor can it be said that any one truth, or any one way of presenting truth, is pre-eminently effective. There is no excitement; a fact that has been referred to by many with satisfaction. On the other hand, an observing and thoughtful Japanese pastor expressed to me the opinion that the absence of deep feeling may in part at least be due to the fact that the preaching is not in a marked degree what used to be described as searching.

It is right that we should feel grateful for what we have. Let us not forget to make thanksgiving for certain things which we lack—paradoxical though that may seem.

Outlined Program for December.

DECEMBER—THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE MISSIONARY AND THE RUM AND OPIUM TRAFFIC.

1. What do missionaries themselves say about the effect of the rum and opium traffic upon their work?

2. A few instances of the disasters wrought by this trade among heathen tribes.

3. Evils of intemperance among the North American Indians.

4 What attitude should be taken by Christian people with regard to the sale of intoxicants among the uncivilized or semi-civilized races?

LITERATURE.

The leaflets "Intemperance in South Africa" and "The Liquor Traffic a Hindrance to Foreign Missions' may be secured at the rate of 6 cents a dozen from the Literature Secretaries. Read carefully Dr. Craft's book on this topic recently noticed in "The Book-Shelf." Apply (enclosing stamp) for literature to the Reform Bureau, 210 Delaware Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. From the same address may be obtained the last issue in 1900 of the Twentieth Century Quarterly. M. H. W.

Outlined Programs for January, February, March and April.

These programs on the various Union Study Topics are not quite the same as those suggested by Miss Hodgkins in her book, "Via Christi" Societies which secure that text-book will no doubt prefer to follow the outlines prepared by her. Some hints partly selected from her list and partly original with the Maga-

zine are given here, however, for any who may choose to use them.

JANUARY—FIRST MISSION STUDY.

1. Sketch of the spread of Christianity from the Ascension of Christ until the year 300, A. D.
2. The Life of the Apostle Paul.
3. The Roman Emperors of this period in relation to Christianity. The Persecutions.
4. Early Women Martyrs: (a) Blandina; (b) Perpetua.
5. Oral Sketch: The Christians in the Catacombs.

FEBRUARY—HOME MISSIONS; MINISTERIAL RELIEF; CHURCH EXTENSION AND PARSONAGE FUND.

1. Needs of the Home Mission Field.
2. The Urgency of the Present Opportunity.
3. Arguments in favor of supporting the work of Ministerial Relief
4. How is this branch of the Church's work conducted, and what is its present financial condition?
5. Do we not owe a debt to this department of Christian interest?
6. What are the objects and administration of the work of Church Extension?
7. State what is meant by the Parsonage Fund?
8. Outline the work of the Women's Board for these branches of Christian activity.

MARCH—SECOND MISSION STUDY.

1. The victory of Christianity as the state religion under the first Christian Emperor.
2. Constantine.
3. Origin of the Nestorian church, and account of its missions.
4. The Progress of Christianity in Europe.
5. Patrick, Columbia, Austin.
6. Some noted Christian leaders of this period, Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustine of Hippo, Bede, Ulfilas.
7. The Rise of Mohammedanism.
8. The church in Africa
9. Brigida and the Abbess Hilda.
10. The Translations of the Bible

APRIL—EGYPT.

1. The United Presbyterian educational work in Egypt.
2. The Native Pastors.
3. The Bible Society in Egypt.
4. The present prospect for our Church in the Soudan.
5. Temperance Work in Egypt.
6. How can we help our foreign missionaries?

At roll call respond by giving items with regard to some of our missionaries in Egypt. M. H. W.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY TOPICS FOR 1902.

January. Paul to Constantine—From the Apostolic Age to the Christianization of the Roman Empire. First to the Fourth Century.

February. Home Missions; Church Extension and Parsonage Fund; Ministerial Relief.

March. Constantine to Charlemagne—From the Christianization of the Roman Empire to the Establishment of the Christian Empire of the West. Fourth to the Ninth Century.

April. Egypt.

May. Charlemagne to Bernard of Clairvaux—From the Establishment of the Christian Empire of the West to the Crusading Church. Ninth to the Twelth Century.

June. North American Indians.

July. Bernard of Clairvaux to Luther—From the Crusading Church to the Reformation. Twelth to the Sixteenth Century.

August. Review of the Year's Work.

September. Luther to the Halle Missionaries—From the Reformation to the Foundation of Early European Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel. Sixteenth to Eighteenth Century.

October. Missions Among the Freedmen.

November. The Halle Missionaries to Carey and Judson—From the Foundation of Early European Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel to the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century Missions. Eighteenth to the Nineteenth Century.

December. India.

Thank-offering.

Our Watchword for 1902.

Look Up and Read!
Look Up and Pray!
Look Up and Work!
Look Up and Give!

One Thing More.

A PRAYER.

Thou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
* * * * *
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,
As if thy blessings had spare days,
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise. A. L. H.

A Thank-offering Message To the Women of the Church.

When the women and children of our United Presbyterian church put forth earnest effort to accomplish any good work the results are often wonderful. For instance, note the result of the earnest faithful work put forth last year in behalf of the Thank-offering department of our women's work. It placed a round $40,000 in the Lord's treasury for missions, and in no way interfered with the regular contributions to the church work, as figures go to prove. This indicates that at least a *portion* of our good people *really enjoy* giving liberal contributions to the great cause of missions and over and above all, as a "cap sheaf," place their offerings of gratitude upon God's altar.

Shall we not then thank God and take courage to press on more earnestly and faithfully to accomplish still greater work for our Master in the future? If a portion of the women and the Juniors of our church can in a single year pay a Thank-offering of $40,000 to the Lord, what might not the sum reach before the "Ingathering" next April if all the women and children in the denomination would give accordingly? November is the one month in the year when, as a nation, we are called upon to go up to the house of the Lord and pay our offerings unto Him. Can we not, as women of the church, remember our Thank-offering boxes on Thanksgiving Day and give joy unto our God by placing therein a liberal sum as an expressiou of gratitude to Him who daily loadeth us with blessings?

The Thank-offering has come to be a most important factor in the support of the many departments of work specially entrusted to the care of the women of our church by the General Assembly. As each year's work enlarged, our obligations become greater, to give more of time, more of service, more of gifts, to meet the need. In the wise division of labor by our General Assembly, the special care of the millions of spiritually needy women and children in our mission fields, in the home and foreign lands, naturaliy falls to the women of the church. Let us thank God for such a trust having been committed to us, and show we are worthy to be trusted.

The workers now being supported by the Women's General Missionary Society number as follows: Forty-one unmarried women in Egypt and India; eight missionaries in the home field, three among the Indians in Oregon, and twenty-one among the Freedmen.

If you, dear reader, expect these seventy-three workers and their work to succeed you must do your full part by your readers, by your efforts and by more liberal gifts. By the time this November MAGAZINE is in the hands of its readers the Women's Board will (we trust) have sent out over the entire church large charts giving a condensed statement of the work being carried on at the present time by the Women's General Missionary Society. It is due to the women of the church who contribute the funds to support the work that they have the facts concerning the work

placed before them. We know no better way than to send a copy of said chart to the pastor (or correspondent) of every congregation named in the Minutes of the Assembly, with the earnest request that each chart be promptly put up in some prominent place in the church, "where prayer is wont to be made," and that the women's work be frequently remembered in the united prayers of God's people. WATCH FOR THE CHARTS! Should any be lost in the mail our Literature secretary will be glad to send others. Order of Miss Elizabeth Caughey, Otto, Pa.

With each chart will be sent a sample copy of the revised edition of "A Prosperous Work," which will give in detail a report of all the departments of the work of our Women's General Missionary Society. Sample copies will also be mailed to the addresses of the presidents of women's missionary societies as given in the July MAGAZINE. The Women's Board will publish 50,000 copies of "Prosperous Work," for free distribution. It is earnestly hoped that a copy will reach every woman whose name is upon the church roll of our denomination. Orders will be promptly filled if sent to the Literature secretary, whose address is given above.

Presidents of missionary societies, *will you not prove your interest in your own work by seeing if necessary that the charts are put in place and that large orders are sent for the leaflets?* Let us hear from you.

Yours truly,

MRS. MARY CLOKEY PORTER.

15 Marshall Ave., Allegheny, Pa. Oct. 8, '01.

The Lord Jesus Hath Need of Us.

He has not seen fit to entrust the ministry of his Word unto angels, or by miracle bid the winds waft his story, or the mighty gospel fly abroad through all the earth; but he has condescended to make use of human instruments, of the souls whom he has redeemed, in spreading the tidings of his love. The message must go from heart to heart, for so alone can it be spread from land to land, and we are permitted to share in telling this wonderful story. If we cannot go in person, we can help some one else to go; we may help by our money, by our efforts to keep ourselves and others informed of the progress of the work, by our prayers to the Lord of the harvest.

We love to read in the gospels of our Lord's entry into Jerusalem, and how the message, "The Lord hath need of them," was all that was needed by the owner of the ass and colt to induce him to part with them. And, today, when a like message comes to us, that the Lord to whom we owe all that we are and all that we have, needs us in this missionary work, there can be but one response from our hearts, for surely we would not withhold anything of which the Lord hath need. E. S. G.

Go Work in My Vineyard.

"Go work in my vineyard, I claim thee as mine;
With blood did I buy thee, and all that is thine;
Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,
Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours,—
I willingly yielded my kingdom for thee;
The song of archangels to hang on the tree;
In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,
I paid thy full ransom; my purchase I claim.

"Go work in my vineyard—Oh, work while 'tis day,
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;
Then the time for your labor shall ever be past.
Begin in the morning and toil all the day,
Thy strength I'll supply, and thy wages I'll pay;
And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,
Who finish the labor I've given them to do."

—*Selected.*

Foreign News Budget.

Egypt.

Miss Dorcas Teas writes Sept. 1st of the progress of the hospital at Asyut, Egypt:

It is two weeks since our return from the sea-

shore. One month passed very rapidly, but we had planned great things for that month.

When the women's department of our hospital was closed the middle of July, it seemed as if we surely would not reopen it in this old house where we have been for the past five years. The beautiful new building was before our eyes, and hopes ran high within our bosom as we left Assiout, the vacation period seeming all that separated us from the new hospital where we would have new beds, new clean mattresses, everything clean, nice and homelike. Alas ! 'The best laid plans of o'mice and men aft gang aft glee' proved too true in our case, and here we are still, working away more full than ever. Dr. Henry had a good laugh at some one's expense the second day after the reopening of work in the women's house, when it was discovered that there was a sad lack of bedstead slats and mattresses. Patients were just pouring in upon us, and the beds—what had become of the things? What need was there for inquiries ? Had not orders been given to open the old mattresses, burn the filling, wash the coverings and put them away, also to burn up the old *infected* and *infested* boards, as they would never be used in the new hospital into which we were to move immediately after vacation ? Yes, indeed, whose fault was it that there were no beds ? Well, it has all been managed, and at the same time the new beds *were not used*, but please do not ask us any questions. Suffice it to say that with the use of a few cots, and other available things, and putting some patients on blankets on the floor, we have gotten along and even managed to find a place for a sweet young lady, who has come to help us nurse our sick people during the present year, after which time she is expecting to enter a Deaconess school in her own country, in preparation for a life service in the cause of Christ.

In spite of the disappointments and inconveniences of the past two weeks, we are thankful for the many good things enjoyed, and the many blessings received. By this time next month we hope to be able to invite all readers of the MAGAZINE to attend the dedication ceremonies of the new hospital of Asyut, belonging to the American mission. We ask your earnest prayers that the Master's name may be glorified in all of our medical work, and especially that this structure to which the church at home and the church in Egypt have both so cheerfully and heartily contributed may stand as a monument to the love of Jesus as expressed in the gifts of His willing people. Psalm 110:3.

A brief letter from Miss Rena L. Hogg says :

Dr. and Mrs. McLaughlin arrived here yesterday to spend a few days on their way to the Soudan. Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Giffen came this morning and will leave this afternoon; so the few intervening hours are very precious ones. Life is very busy just now.

A letter from Miss Carrie M. Buchanan expresses gratitude that friends in the home land have been so interested in the opening of the new school at Luxor. The trials of hard work at the beginning are more than compensated by the evident pleasure of the people in getting such a school for girls started in the upper country.

The Mission Association at its summer meeting very happily decided to allow Miss Margaret A. Bull, who is now on her way to Egypt, to spend her first year with Miss Buchanan at Luxor. Miss Roxy Martin, who sailed in August with Dr. and Mrs. Alexander, has been located at Monsurah with Miss Finney who is entitled to the usual furlough next year.

India.

Miss C. E. Wilson writes from Gurdaspur; date, August 13.

Gurdaspur has been lending its missionary for about four weeks to Rawal Pindi and Pasrur. It is possible to get on without him, but we miss him very much, and much work piles up for him which will add to his own burden when he returns. We don't much approve of lending missionaries any more than you do of your pastors. It is hard on both parties. The weather has been hot and steamy and very debilitating and we have concluded we must have a change by the 20th inst. to Dharmsala.

Our pastor has been doing his part to secure good attendance at Sabbath-school and the weekly services. Last night he allowed the Y. P. C. U. to gather at his house to hold a social for one of its members, who is a government clerk and is being transferred to another station. Tea, biscuits, and native sweets were served to about 50 persons. We had music both vocal and instrumental, the latter on a ten-stringed instrument longer than a violin, and played with the fingers, as well as the small drum accompaniment. A few simple games and farewell speeches, closing with prayer, finished our out-door social. It commenced at 6 p. m. and closed at 8:30 p. m.

Miss Laurella Dickson writes from Gujranwala ; date, August 17th:

Today the boys' and girls' high schools here close for their summer vacation. Our little village school for girls will continue two weeks longer. We are having a delightful rainy season. It is so pleasant after the hot dry weather to be able to keep the house open all day and to see the grass and trees looking so fresh and green

Two weeks ago today I, in company with Misses Corbett, Dickey and Morrison, visited the golden temple in Amritsar City. The temple stands on pillars in the center of a large bathing tank. There is wide marble pavement about the tank on the four sides, and on one side a marble pavement leads from the outside of the tank into the temple. The temple is built of marble on which is much fine inlaid work. It is two stories high with small domes on top. These domes are all overlaid with gold leaf, and the ceiling inside is also overlaid with gold. A man was at work re-gilding the ceiling the day we were there. In the main part of the building a sheet was spread on the floor and near it was a large holy book on a low stand. Over this was a cloth spread and on the cloth were strings of rose leaves and jasmine flowers. People were coming in and throwing flowers on the sheet in front of the book, a number of men were sitting about on the floor. Some had musical instruments and they were going through some form of

worship. On the stairways and in the corridors were fakirs sitting and also some women reading their holy books. We looked on them and wondered that people could be so devout in a religion that gives them nothing in return. May God hasten the day of the coming of His Kingdom.

Eliza F. Stewart writes from Simla; date, Aug. 29th :

It falls upon me to send the Budget for September, so I forward the enclosed contributions.

We have been spending a part of the hot season at this summer capital, and find it a very pleasant change from the plains. We left the thermometer below at 118° in the shade, and found people up here complaining bitterly of a temperature between 85° and 90°.

Some Simla residents claim that this is the best hill climate in India, and I am ready to accept their opinion though as I have only seen two other hill stations my own judgment cannot go for much. It is certainly a much finer climate than that of Dharmsala, where most of our missionaries go to escape the heat. We have much less rain here.

But that it can rain in Simla we are able to testify from an experience on the night of the 21st inst. It was foggy and perhaps drizzling when we retired, though that is not unusual. Between one and two o'clock we were awakened by the rush and roar of waters that was terrifying. You have heard of rain coming down in "buckets," like "pitchforks," etc., yet none of these figures suffice. It was like torrents, floods, seas, seas above us, and beneath us, and around us. The heavens seemed broken up, and the very foundations giving way. I sat up in bed and tremble My husband rose and lighted a lamp. We wondere if we should be obliged to flee from collapsing walls out into the dreadful night. Lightning flashes showed us a dense fog, if fog could exist in such a rain, nothing more. But we knew that hundreds of streams were pouring down the mountain sides, carrying with them rocks, stones and earth, causing destruction in their wild course.

The night passed and morning broke serene and calm, the sun shining as brightly as if he could see no mischief done while his back was turned. But on every side were marks of the fearful night—landslides everywhere, one quite near us (not more than 150 feet away) having brought great stones and earth crashing into a native house, breaking through the roof and walls, and filling up the space between the house and the hillside with mud and debris nearly to the roof itself. The occupants, I believe, were helped out through the broken roof, and it was pitiful next day to see them trying to fish out their belongings from under the mud and water that had submerged them. Others did not escape so well. Some buildings collapsed, and some lives were lost, perhaps not more than five or six, though reports differ. Two washermen, sleeping near the stream where they wash, were drowned, one in trying to rescue the clothes entrusted to him as they were carried off and his fellow-craftsman in attempting to save him from the rushing waters. Roads were blocked with debris, or broken by roaring torrents, and tongas could not run all day, and for twenty-four hours we were without mail !

But it would take too long to speak of all the damage done. Eight inches of rain fell in seven hours.

Missionary Correspondence.

ZAFARWAL, INDIA, Sept. 2, 1901.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND SISTERS :—A few days ago while visiting in Hindu houses in the city my attention was once more called to the almost hopeless condition of the women of this land and to the imperative demand for the Gospel with its light and liberty and education. How truly we see every day that the stronghold of false religions is the women, the wives and mothers, and that the progress of the Gospel will be in proportion to the effort made to deliver the women of India out of darkness, superstition, ignorance and slavery; for they are in slavery of the worst type—slaves to their husbands in there homes (so called) where of all places their should be love, liberty and confidence.

I went into one house where, crowded into a very small space, were four house opening off the court-yard common to all. This was probably at one time one house with a good sized court-room, but as the sons grew up and their wives came to the father-in-law's house family quarreling compelled them to build separate houses in different corners of the yard, until now little space is free from buildings and the low mud walls enclosing small door yards in front of the houses. Two calves helped to fill up the remaining space and added materially to the general disorder and filth of the place. If one would see oriental filth and appreciate India smells no time would serve so well as during the summer rainy season.

I found three of the women at home when I went and the fourth came in shortly. Two

were spinning and the third was cooking in her one small room. I did not count the children, but there were several. My attention was largely centered on a boy of eight or ten whose special calling appeared to be tormenting his aunt as she sat spinning. She varied the scene by frequent slaps and abusive language, which seemed to add zest to the boy's delight in tormenting. It was some time before I could be seated. First I encountered a large rather friendly looking dog, and in my efforts to get safely past him I forgot where I was and stepping to one side found myself on the carefully plastered spot where cooking is done. This is sacred in a Hindu's eye, so I had committed a grave offense. Hastily getting back into the passage way I begged pardon and next tried the vicinity of the calves as safer if not cleaner. I was not cordially received, but the women had asked me in, so I resolved to stay for a time at least. I was finally seated at a point fairly central from the several cooking places and at a safe distance from the women, who would also be unclean were they to touch me. It is always so complimentary to see people living in the midst of such foul surroundings and adding to the moral filth a continual flow of impure language and at the same time to know that these very persons gather up their clothes closely as they go by lest they be defiled by contact with a person of another religion!

I began to talk with the woman nearest me, attempting at the same time to win the attention of the others, but failed. At length they told me they did not want to hear anything about God or religion. I asked why, and they told me their husbands would be angry with them. I remembered then that some men had come in during my last visit and had made some objection to our being there. They told me that their husbands had told them not to listen to our teaching; but a woman's God is her husband and she needs to know no more. One woman to change the subject—not so much that she did not want to hear (for the women are nearly always eager to hear), but because they were airaid the men might come in—asked me if I eat sheep or goat meat. I asked her which they ate and was astonished to hear her say that the men ate meat I asked if the women did not also, but they replied very strongly in the negative. I learned that the men—Hindus too—buy cooked meat and eat it. The women said they would not cook it nor eat it. I said perhaps the men would not let them, but they denied this charge. I know many Hindus now eat meat but I had not before come across any. Thus we see that it is the women who keep up the old customs.

In the same part of the city not long ago we found a woman busy preparing the morning meal on a fast day. We expressed some surprise she should be doing so. She told us she was cooking for her husband and son. "But do they not fast?" we asked. "O, no, not now. The men go out among other people and learn other ways; so they do not keep fast any longer?" "Then why do you observe it?' we asked. "The men compel us. If we don't observe fast and the rites of our religion they will put us out of the house!"

Our next visit was also in a Hindu house Here, as so often we were told, there is no need of talking of a place of future punishment, as this life is hell itself. And yet these same women, when urged to give up their false belief, were horrified at the idea and declared they would rather be lost than change religions; and they are sincere too. They are taught that this is a grave offense and so great is their confidence in their religious teachers it is very difficult for them. Yesterday a Hindu woman sat listening very attentively. She admitted that all we was true, "*not a lie in it*, but" she said, "what can I do? Our pundit tells us things very different from these. He has long been our teacher. We give to him and he promises us good things in the next life. What are we to do? Whom are we to believe?" Poor woman; she is only one of many who asks this question, struggling to know truth from error, trying to get into the light!

A few weeks ago we were busy in our Bible school for Christian workers and their families. We had twenty-four women in our two classes. Of these ten have some education and others are learning to read. We had a very good session, the interest excellent and good faithful work on the part of most of the women. It did me much

good to hear Miss Martin speak of the progress these women have made during the five years she has been among them—since she taught her first class in Bible school.

Of course there is still room for improvement, and sometimes we think great need of it, but when I think of the poor women in the zenanas still in ignorance and heathen darkness and compare these with our Christian women the difference is great indeed, and no one can say that Christ and the Gospel does not mean life and salvation to the poor heathen women of India, or doubt for a moment that this is the remedy and the only remedy.

Yours for India,

SUSIE A. YOUNG.

RAMLE, EGYPT, August 12, 1901.

DEAR EDITORS OF THE MAGAZINE:—Not long ago I boarded the train one morning at Zagazig for the purpose of visiting a village about a half an hour distant. When well seated in the train, I opened my Arabic gospel, and my eyes fell upon the 4th chapter of John. As I read on to the 34th, 35th and 36th verses I was deeply impressed with the vastness of the harvest of souls around us and how few are the laborers. While offering a silent petition that "the Lord of the harvest would send forth more laborers into His harvest," the pressure was somewhat removed. I looked out of the car window and as I did my eyes fell upon a vast wheatfield almost as far as the eye could reach in every direction. It was dead ripe and not a sign of a harvester. Such a good illustration, I thought, of what I had just been reading. As I gazed upon it with wonder that the owners of this vast field did not seem to be taking the proper care of what the Lord had entrusted them with, of the probable lack of faithfulness on the part of servants, and of the possible loss of good to many who might have been fed from this waste, my eyes dropped to the beaten track and there, at the very edge of the field, was a man, a woman and a child, sitting in the blazing sunlight on the ground, and pulling the wheat out by the roots with their hands. Turning again to my picture I seemed to see the few laborers in the Master's great wheatfield trying to do what they can that there may be an abundant harvest. As these poor people, from their low elevation, could only see the work that was next them, not knowing the vastness of the opportunities beyond, they were steadily and slowly working toward them. I now reached the end of my journey and as I left the train resolved to take a lesson from the poor laborers—to think only of what is within my reach and by God's grace to strike at the root of the matter in hand.

In this town there are two mission schools one for boys and one for girls. There are about fifteen girls in the school, and it was my purpose and privilege, this particular day, to visit the homes of these girls, choosing a Saturday so that the teacher might go with me and that we might find the girls at home.

We started at nine o'clock and went from house to house until noon. After dinner we started again hoping to complete our list of houses, but we found that impossible as I must leave by the 7 o'clock train. Thinking that I had left myself time to make the train easily I was hurrying to the station when, just as I had almost reached it, the train pulled out. O, what a disappointed, homesick feeling I had—no other chance before 9:30 o'clock, and it Saturday night. And my poor wee boys whom I had left all day long; how disappointed they would be when they would come to the station to meet me and not find me. Well, it could not be helped then; so to make the best use of the time we went the home of a well-to-do Mohammedan, who has a daughter in our school. We were kindly received and after talking for awhile the mother asked if we would not go on the roof. We went and found the breeze very fine at that evening hour. The mother told me that they used to come up there often, sometimes bringing their work, but that for six months past she had not been on her own roof because a neighbor man had looked upon her from his roof near by. She discontinued going to the roof, she said, lest he might see her again, which if her husband should find it out, might cost her much trouble. I mentally thanked the Lord that my husband was a Christian instead of a Mohammedan, or my divorce papers might likely be ready on my return for having missed the train on which I was expected.

This poor woman is never allowed out of her own house and there is only one family in the town, beside our teacher, who is allowed to visit her. Her eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen years, is certainly a credit to her mother so far as her knowledge of work and her ability to serve is considered. But she has never seen the inside of a school and, I suppose, does not know a letter of the alphabet. The second daughter, a girl of twelve years, is in our school. She is bright and quick to learn, but being a Mohammedan there are certain parts of our program she is not allowed to study. When her class was reciting catechism she was allowed to remain silent, but to my great

pleasure she corrected one after another of her classmates as they made mistakes in their answers, showing that her mind was at work while her lips were quiet. God grant that the good seed may find a lodgment in her heart and, through her influence on those about her, work out an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

MAY ROSE HART.

Young People's Department.

Exchange.

Elizabeth Allison, of Findley, O., writes of a plan that is proving very successful in interesting the members in missions by means of which they are becoming acquainted with the missionary and his work.

Each member is assigned some missionary in this country, either among the Freedmen or the Indians, or the home mission field. At the monthly meeting when the roll is called each member responds with an item of news of her particular missionary, or something of interest in their history or of their station. In the course of six months it is purposed to assign foreign missionaries to each member.

What an encouragement to the missionary to know some one is specially interested and is watching for news to report to her society, and, no doubt, each member prays for her missionary often by name; so a bond of sympathy is unconsciously formed.

Miss Allison incidentally remarks, "The ladies are all taking the MAGAZINE hoping to see items about their missionary."

How to Conduct the Devotional Meeting.

NELLIE BAKEMAN DONOVAN.

The devotional meeting should be the key, unlocking and bringing before us the real secret of all our mission study. Something is lost unless we begin each meeting with an inspiring look into the face of Him whom we serve.

If you have but a half hour for preparation, spend fifteen minutes of it alone with Him, and believe me He will come with power into your meeting.

Select the music beforehand, with special thought as to the words.

To vary the Scripture reading, have Bible verses recited by all who will. The spontaneity of it is often refreshing.

Take some of your daily quiet times for following one idea through the Gospels or through the Bible—e. g. "Answered Prayers," "The Kingdom of Heaven," "Overcoming"—and give the result in one or more meetings, or when you simply read a passage of Scripture in the time-honored way, let it be prayerfully chosen and devoutly read.

A worker once said to me, "You know we have only two or three girls who can pray." If this is true in your society, resolve to do your best this year to change it. Personal talks and encouragement will gradually bring one girl after another to be helpful in this way, if you are in earnest. The devotional exercises that close with a good number of short prayers are sure to be an inspiration. It is a good plan to give out special subjects for prayer, asking each girl to pray definitely, by name, in a few sentences, for a certain missionary, mission station or school. And it is also well to ask different girls to lead these exercises.

—*The Helping Hand.*

Scripture Quotations Concerning Strong Drink.

Previous to the Eleventh Century ale, beer and light wines were the only intoxicants known. Only fermented drinks were possible, which, in the case of wine, could not contain more than about fifteen per cent. alcohol. If more were formed, the vineous fermentation was killed and the acetic began, as in the familiar case of cider, which turns to vinegar after fermentation. The per cent. of alcohol in beer and ale does not exceed eleven per cent while in distilled liquors the amount is from forty to sixty per cent. Considering therefore

how strongly the Bible opposes what some would call mild drinks, it may be realized how much greater would have been its condemnation of distilled liquors which cause so much more sin and suffering.

"Not given to wine." 1 Tim. 3:3

"Woe unto them that follow strong drink." Isa. 5:11.

"Their wine is the poison of dragons." Deut. 32:33.

"Strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it." Isa. 24:9.

"Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh" Prov. 24:9.

"How long wilt thou be drunken? Put away thy wine from thee." 1 Samuel 1:14.

"For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence." Prov. 4:17.

"And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit." Eph. 5:18.

"Neither shall any priest drink wine, when they enter into the inner court." Esek. 44:21.

"Lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted." Prov. 1:5.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Prov. 20:1.

"And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying Do not drink wine, thou nor thy sons with thee" Lev. 10:8-9.

"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink." Isa 5:22.

"They shall not drink wine with a song: strong drink shall be bitter to them that drink it." Isa. 24:9.

"He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich." Prov. 21:17.

"It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink." Prov. 31:4.

"Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephriam, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower." Isa. 28:1.

"Now therefore beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink, and eat not any unclean thing." Judges 13:4.

"Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. 1 Cor. 6:10.

"For the drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." Prov. 23:21.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor strong drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also." Habk. 2:15.

"Awake, ye drunkards; weep and howl, all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouth." Joel. 1:5.

"Ye have not eaten bread, neither have ye drunk wine or strong drink, that ye might know that I am the Lord your God." Deut. 29:6.

"It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Rom. 14:21.

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, until wine inflame them." Isa. 5:11.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 23:31-32.

Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die; it shall be a statute forever throughout your generations." Lev. 10:9.

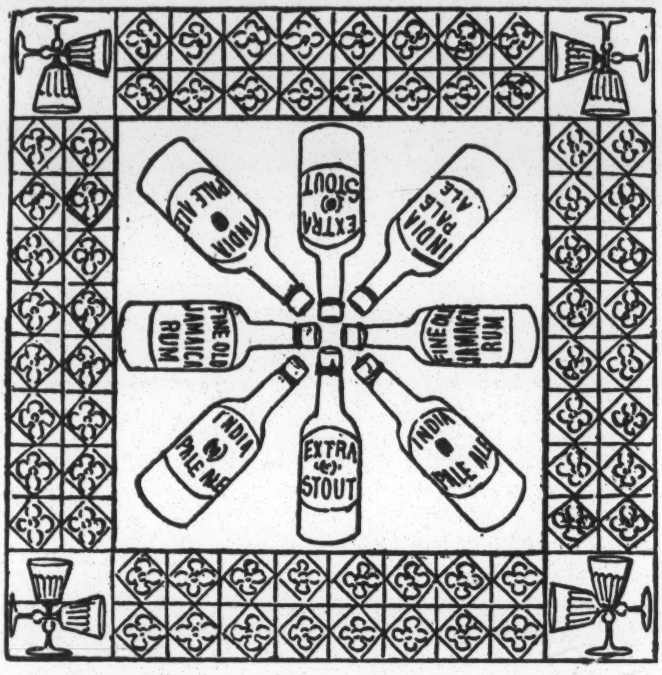
"And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be over-charged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." Luke 21:34.

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." Prov. 23:29-30.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the King's meat, nor with the wine which he drank, therefore he requested of the prince of eunuchs that he might not defile himself." Dan. 1:8.

"But they said, we will drink no wine; for Jonadab the son of Rechab our father commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons forever; that ye may live many days in the land where ye be strangers." Jer. 35:6-7.

"But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment." Isa. 28:7.



The Devil's Handkerchief.

The above is a true copy of a cotton handkerchief which is sold by the thousand in Africa.

Alice M. Guernsey, in writing to the Advocate, tells of a firm of liquor manufacturers in England who, desiring to extend their business in Africa, used a large number of bright colored handkerchiefs, like the picture, made in such colors as please the natives (in exchange for articles brought by the natives or as presents). The pictures created a desire to know about the contents of the bottles, or a longing for it if the appetite had been formed.

As the natives in Africa will bring almost anything the white man wants, to exchange for pieces of bright cloth, or beads, these handkerchiefs went faster and farther than the Christian Bible and interfered with the work of the missionary.

FROM Month TO Month.

Selections from the Monthly Statement of Foreign Missions.

ARRIVED IN THE FIELD.

The Alexander party of missionaries that left New York, August 10, arrived safely in Alexandria, Egypt, on the 27th. All were well and had a reasonably enjoyable trip to their field.

SAILED.

The Rev. J. H, Morton and wife, and Prof. W. E. Nicoll and wife sailed from New York on October 5, by the Campania, of the Cunard line, for the mission in India, and Miss Margaret A. Bell and Mrs. McClenahan at the same time for Egypt. A very pleasant meeting with the Women's Presbyterial Society and friends was enjoyed in this city on Thursday afternoon and evening prior to the date of sailing. Miss Anna Y. Thompson and Miss Leonora J. McDowell could not well make arrangements to go with this party. They will sail for Egypt in November.

THE SOUDAN MISSION.

After making the necessary preparations in Egypt, the Rev. J. Kelly Giffen and Dr. H. T. McLaughlin left Ramle on the 5th of September for the mission in the Soudan. They made short stops at Cairo and Asyut and spent the Sabbath at Luxor. On Monday, the 9th, they proceeded to Assouan, where they stopped for the night and most

of Tuesday. On that evening they took the steamer for Wadi Halfa, where they arrived on the 13th. In a day or two from that date they would start by river for Khartum, and there will await developments. The latest word which they had in regard to the field was a letter from the secretary of the Soudan government at Cairo, saying that the decision of the question relating to the location of the mission would be deferred until the return of His Excellency the Governor-General from England in October. This awakens the hope that the missionaries will be allowed to occupy the field which had been promised or assigned them on the Sobat river. In the meantime they will be gaining all the information they can in relation to the field, and will find profitable work to do among the natives from Egypt in Omdurman and Khartum. They hoped to reach Omdurman about September 19.

EGYPT.

Rev. J. Kelly Giffen writes: "The cut made this year (one-third of our working estimate) I am sure works more distress to the missionaries, and more injury to the work, than the Board or any one else outside of the mission field can understand. This, too, has been for years. Missionaries have endeavored to keep up parts of the work from private funds and by begging, until some of them are in debt from this cause. But no missionary can long endure this. The expense of living in Egypt has greatly increased, and is still increasing. It has almost doubled since I came into Egypt. Some of our young missionaries, who have not yet begun to educate their children, tell me it is with the greatest difficulty they 'make ends meet.' Our salaries seem large to some people at home, but the half of $1400 would purchase more at my old home when I was there ten years ago than $1400 will in almost any part of Egypt. The salaries of natives have also increased, and the working of the mission is much more expensive than it was formerly—beside trebled in size. The cut of one-third does not leave much more than one-half (proportionately) for working funds that we had fifteen years ago. Beside, young men who have been educated cannot be employed. This is not right surely."

The Rev. James G. Hunt, secretary of the Missionary Association, wrote from Tanta, Sept. 12: "We moved to Tanta the last week of August to take up our new work here. Along with heavy responsibilities in this field we inherit a legacy of well-organized and prosperous work, and the loyal good will of the people. The pastor of the congregation, Rev. Michael Salama, is an earnest and edifying preacher, and as worthy a man as one would often find. The district has ten schools beside the two in Tanta. (One other had to be closed because of the reduction of our estimates.) I made my first visit among the village schools this week. The school visited was Tukh Emeassara, a village of seven or eight thousand inhabitants, mostly very bigoted and hostile Copts. Their priests tell them that they had better become Moslems than Protestants. One of the Asyut College graduates has been our teacher for three years and a half, neither the school nor he having any vacation in that time. He and his excellent young wife (a graduate of the Girls' Boarding School in Asyut) have been almost solitary witnesses for the truth as it is in Jesus in the town. Faithful instruction, religious and secular, has been given to about sixty pupils, and the school is now nearly self-supporting. That little school seemed to me like a lighthouse in that benighted town. And no less so is the home of the teacher and his wife. Beautiful Christian homes in this country are rare and therefore seem the more beautiful when found."

INDIA.

The Rev. W. B. Anderson wrote from Rawal Pindi on August 28, in relation to the action of the General Assembly directing the Board to secure the necessary authority for our mission colleges to confer university degrees. This will not be possible in India as all academic degrees are conferred by the government universities. Graduates of our college must undergo a special examination for a degree, and it will be conferred by the authority of the university conducting the examination. Thus the Board need not take any further steps in the matter.

The Rev. Robert Maxwell wrote from Dharmsala, August 5. All at the hill station were well with the exception of some fever and colds. Mrs W. T. Anderson was able to use her eves again. They had been giving her trouble for some time. Mrs. Morrison was somewhat more comfortable since going to Sunnyside; later word, however, in regard to her was not so favorable. It is feared that she is not going to be able to endure the climate of India. Mrs. Maxwell had not been well for some time after reaching the hill station, but was better when Mr. Maxwell wrote.

A long and excellent letter has been received from Miss Jennie B. Morrison, dated Sialkot, September 2. She describes the work of the summer Bible School which had just been held in that station for the instruction of the native Christians and work-

ers. Miss Embleton came to Miss Morrison's help with the women, while Dr. Martin and Mr. Ballantine instructed the men. After the experience had Miss Morrison says: "I think our Bible School work is about the most profitable work we do. We had these people with us for a month; had lessons and prayer meetings every day. Now they have gone back to their different villages to live and to teach to others, we trust, the lessons they have learned. Have we not a right to believe that the seed sown with so much care, and with so much prayer, will bring forth fruit?" Farther on Miss Morrison says: "We are so disappointed that there is no news of any new ladies for India. What are we to do? Surely you are not going to ask ladies who are located in the jungle to live there quite alone. It isn't right. It isn't safe

DEATH OF ELLA SCOTT.

In June last, Mrs. T. L. Scott and her four daughters arrived in this country. The husband and father was left behind in India. The daughters were brought here to be educated. The intention was that all should enter Westminster College in the autumn. This was not the Divine will. On the 22nd of August, Ella was removed by death. She was ill for about three weeks. At first she was affected with what seemed to be chills and fever, such as are common in India. Later typhoid developed and the lungs were involved. She passed away in the joyful hope of a blessed life beyond. The stricken mother and family, and especially the husband and father in far off India, will have the sympathy of the whole church. Ella was a most lovely character.

Mrs. Mary Grimes

A tribute of love from the W. M. S., of Taylorstown, Pa., to the memory of our esteemed friend, Mrs. Martha Grimes who was called to her eternal home July 24, 1901.

The Angel of Death has reset this noble life, and like the morning star it is lost to our view in the brightness of the new day.

Beautifully and faithfully were woven into the tissue of her life the golden threads of love and sympathy, kind words and unselfish acts, liberality, charity and cordial hospitality. She was one devoted to her home and church, a charter member of our society, and for years a faithful teacher in the Sabbath-school and a true and loving friend. Sadly we miss her, but the influence of her beautiful Christ-like character falls as a sweet benediction over us. She has gone to form a precious link in that golden chain that binds us closer to our Heavenly Home. May God teach us to say, "Thy will be done," in the closing of this lovely volume upon which he has placed the seal, "It is finished, to be perfected in the light of a living Saviour."

To Him who comforteth the broken-hearted we commend this stricken family, "who stand where the shadow of our sorrow falls the darkest." Dear Father, heal these sad hearts with thy divine comfort. COM.

Mrs Eliza Nethery.

The Women's Missionary Society of LeRoy, Ind., record this tribute of respect to the memory of one of their charter members. Mrs. Eliza Nethery, who was taken home August 22nd, 1901.

We miss her. Her seat in church and the missionary society was seldom vacant. We bow in submission to God's will, knowing "He doeth all things well," and remembering to be ready when He calls for us.

We extend our sympathy to the bereaved husband and family and commend them to Him who has said, "I will not leave you comfortless." COM.

Mrs J. W. Stewart.

Mrs. J. W. Stewart, a member of the W. M. S. of the United Presbyterian congregation of Red Oak, Iowa, after many months of suffering, borne with Christian fortitude, eagerly welcomed her release, which came Sabbath morning, Sept. 29, 1901.

We wish to bear testimony to her faithful Christian life, her willing, cheerful spirit, and her ready, helpful hands in every department of the church's work.

The memory of her example will be an incentive to greater effort and more untiring devotion to the cause of Christ, on the part of those with whom she was so long associated and who will so greatly miss her wise leadersh p and hopeful encouragement.

To those dear ones most sorely afflicted by this dispensation of Our Heavenly Father we extend our heartfelt sympathy and commend them to the watchful care of Him whom she loved and served and by whom she has just been called to the rest and joy and peace for which she longed.

MRS. W. B. LAWRENCE,
MRS. W. C HILLHOUSE, } COM.
MRS. L. D. BOYD.

Mrs. A. J. Clark.

Tribute of love to the memory of Mrs. A. J. Clark from the W. M. . of 1st Cambridge, Ohio.

On the evening of August 5th, 1901, Mrs. A. J. Clark finished her work on earth and entered into the joys of her eternal home.

While many of the Father's ways of dealing with his children are not fully understood by them here, yet we have the blessed assurance that we shall know hereafter, and that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

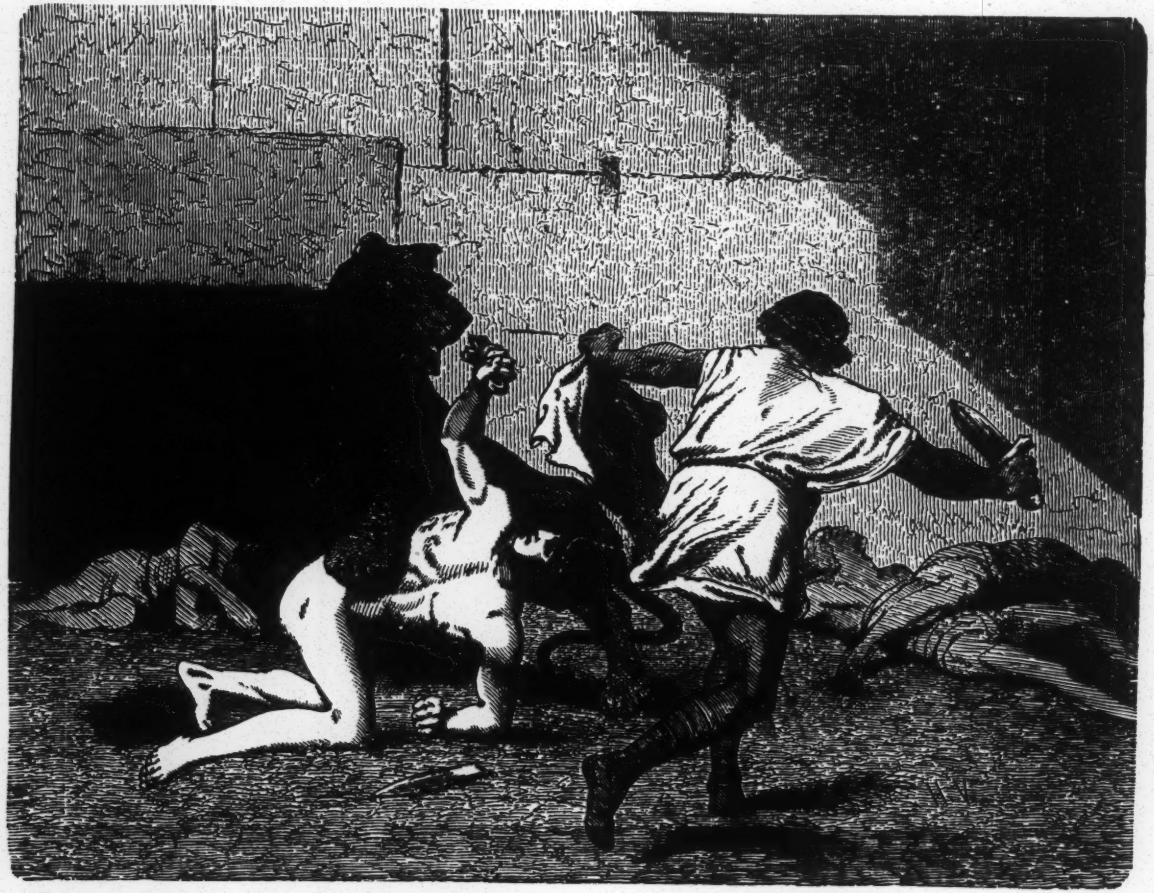
Her three lovely daughters were called up higher a little in advance of her.

While her earthly home feels the desolation as very few homes do, yet we feel sure that He who called them had the stronger claim and deeper interest in them, and by faith we know "He doeth all things well."

Cheerfully and in sweet submission to the perfect will of her best Friend she endured her severe trial, until as one of God's jewels she was ready for her place in His crown.

We will not soon forget her gentleness, her faith, her modest and cheerful helpfulness, and we feel that the Master has said, "Well done."

MRS. W. H. MCFARLAND,
MRS. W. S. MCCARTNEY, } COM.
MRS. I. A. OLDHAM.



SCENE IN THE ROMAN ARENA.